FOREVER, PERHAPS! By **URSULA PARROTT**
Author of STRANGERS MAY KISS

DEC. 2,
1933

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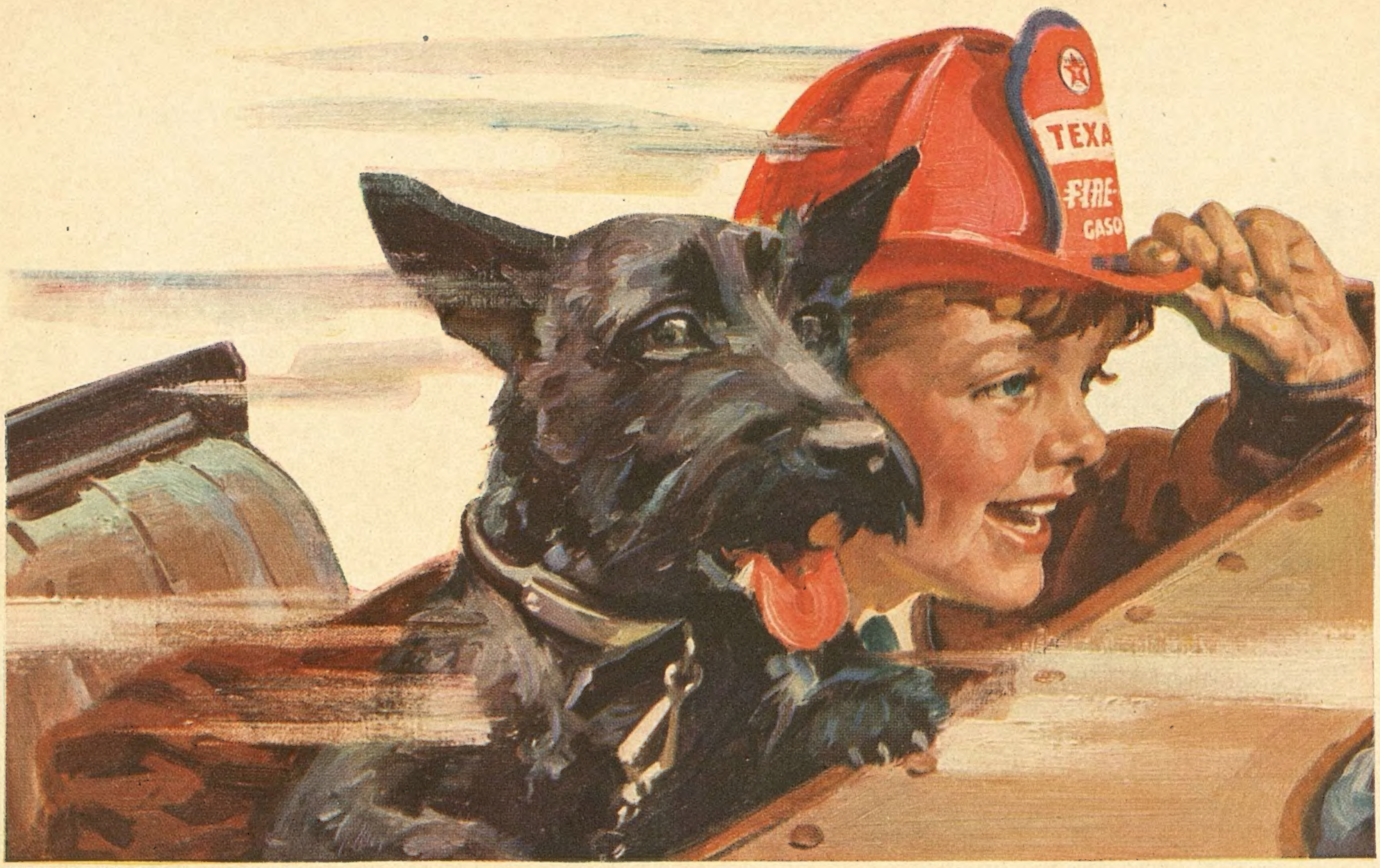

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DECEMBER 2, 1933 **Liberty** VOL. 10, NO. 48

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

GREATEST MENACE TO PROSPERITY

IT is time for plain talking and straight thinking as to the responsibilities that each great group in the United States owes to the NRA in general and the people of the United States in particular.

Many people have misconstrued the aims and objectives of the National Industrial Recovery Act. As a result certain powerful factions have interpreted the NIRA as a special piece of legislation giving them undue advantage over other national groups.

This is false, absolutely!

The recovery legislation was devised to give every individual, every faction a square deal and no more. It respected the rights of each group without encroaching on the rights of other groups.

There should be no misunderstanding of this self-evident situation.

In the late summer we were on the highroad to recovery. What happened to slow up our rapid advancement was not a result of a faulty piece of national legislation. It was directly attributable to one labor group in this country creating the impression that the Recovery Act gave them undue rights and authority. And in a remarkably short space of time fear gripped the very heart of the owners of hundreds of manufacturing concerns and scores of financial institutions.

Misguided labor leaders and labor organizers kicked over the traces—no longer listened to the real leaders of organized labor. With hundreds of thousands of people going back to work, suddenly strikes dotted each industrial section east of the Mississippi River.

Millions of dollars of intended improvements to plants—because of heavy orders ahead—were immediately canceled. With either strikes in process or strikes threatened, manufacturers were afraid to expend large sums of money in plant improvement. Banks were naturally afraid to extend loans in districts where strikes were in progress or were in danger of occurring.

Very few of these strikes had anything to do with wages. The majority of them were called to compel recognition of a union, or they were caused by a fight between two different unions. Generally the major strikes had nothing to do with the American Federation of Labor.

The rights of labor should be respected. Where members of unions have been obtained by fair educational effort, no manufacturer or citizen can take exception.

Where union membership has been obtained by intimidation of workers, every fair-thinking man revolts.

We must recognize that labor forced into unions by threats weakens the organization itself.

Organized labor is no different from any other institution. It must have the respect of the American public if it is to do a constructive job, either for labor or for the country.

But when labor strikes in this critical period of recovery and again plunges districts and the country into doubt and confusion, not only do we place the man on the pay roll in jeopardy, but we sink into greater despair the millions that are out of employment.

But the greatest detriment to recovery when strikes occur is the fact that they temporarily stop orders in those districts where strikes are occurring. They stop the normal channels of credit, and it is too great a responsibility for a few local leaders to assume.

We would have no quarrel with labor if strikes were its only method of obtaining justice. But when the NIRA was written, an NIRA " Supreme Court " was established called the National Labor Board, composed of organized-labor leaders, also Senator Robert F. Wagner, a man who has always been friendly to labor, and a like number of manufacturers and public-spirited citizens known the country over for their fair attitude. This National Labor Board guarantees justice to all factions of industrial life, and it is not necessary for the manufacturer to lock out workers or for labor to strike to get all that's justly due them.

Therefore when a strike takes place now, the public feels that those who strike want more than they are entitled to. That's plain English, but it's true.

Labor has its obligations to the people of this country just as well as the manufacturers, the bankers, the great professional group, and the farmers.

The heart of the President of the United States is appealing to the conscience of a nation. The administration is appealing for mutual coöperative spirit, and this means that hatchets should be—must be—buried; common sense must prevail.

Tolerance must be manifested by all groups in this country.

Governmental boards have been established to handle disputes where both sides can be assured of much greater justice than they possibly can secure through drastic action that jeopardizes the entire country.

We have recognized for two thousand years the Fatherhood of God. It's about time that we pay some attention to the Brotherhood of Man.

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WHAT THE NEW DEAL

A Member of the President's
Steps by Which We Are Climbing

By REXFORD

Assistant Secretary

(Reading time: 17 minutes 45 seconds.)

SOME people have the happy idea that our recovery from this economic depression will take place like the spouting of Old Faithful. They believe that some mysterious force will lift us from the subbasement to the roof. With the same credulity they believed a few years ago that the forces which dropped us from penthouse to the boiler room were equally mysterious. But the enthusiasm of rising into better business and better times tends to make these people forget the drop, and so they take no real thought for the future. They believe that nature is somehow benign and will save them the trouble of managing their own affairs wisely.

That is not so. Our economic troubles are not in the least mysterious and cannot be laid on nature's doorstep. They are the product of human contrivance. What men do here and now can help or hinder the process of recovery, and we already know some things which will help and some which will hinder. We know that if we have the brains and the courage we can master our problems.

Even now we can watch the process of recovery and select from a wide variety the means for hastening it. Such was the object of the legislation enacted by the special session of Congress: to give President Roosevelt's administration a speedy, flexible, and definite line of attack, instead of the slow, rigid, and clumsy policies which were being fatally followed by President Hoover. Ease of movement and fertility of resource are what distinguish the Roosevelt method in politics.

As a result, the government at Washington today is as different from the old political set-up as is an autogyro from a Model T Ford. The country got a lucky break when our clumsy method of political selection gave us a man with the President's special talent for flexible administration. But the luckiest thing of all is the fact that Mr. Roosevelt does not believe that we can trust in natural laws, since nature is just as ready to kill as to cure. His wise choice of the means of cure and his stronghearted support of the policies he selects give us the greatest hope of bringing our society safely through the present crisis.

Those who work on the inside at Washington realize this fact. Those who stand outside can best judge success or failure by watching the relationships—rather than the rise or fall—of prices. Impossible price rela-

MEANS TO YOU

Famous "Brain Trust" Counts the
Out of the Depression

G. TUGWELL

of Agriculture

tionships brought about the depression; their correction will be the first proof that recovery is at hand.

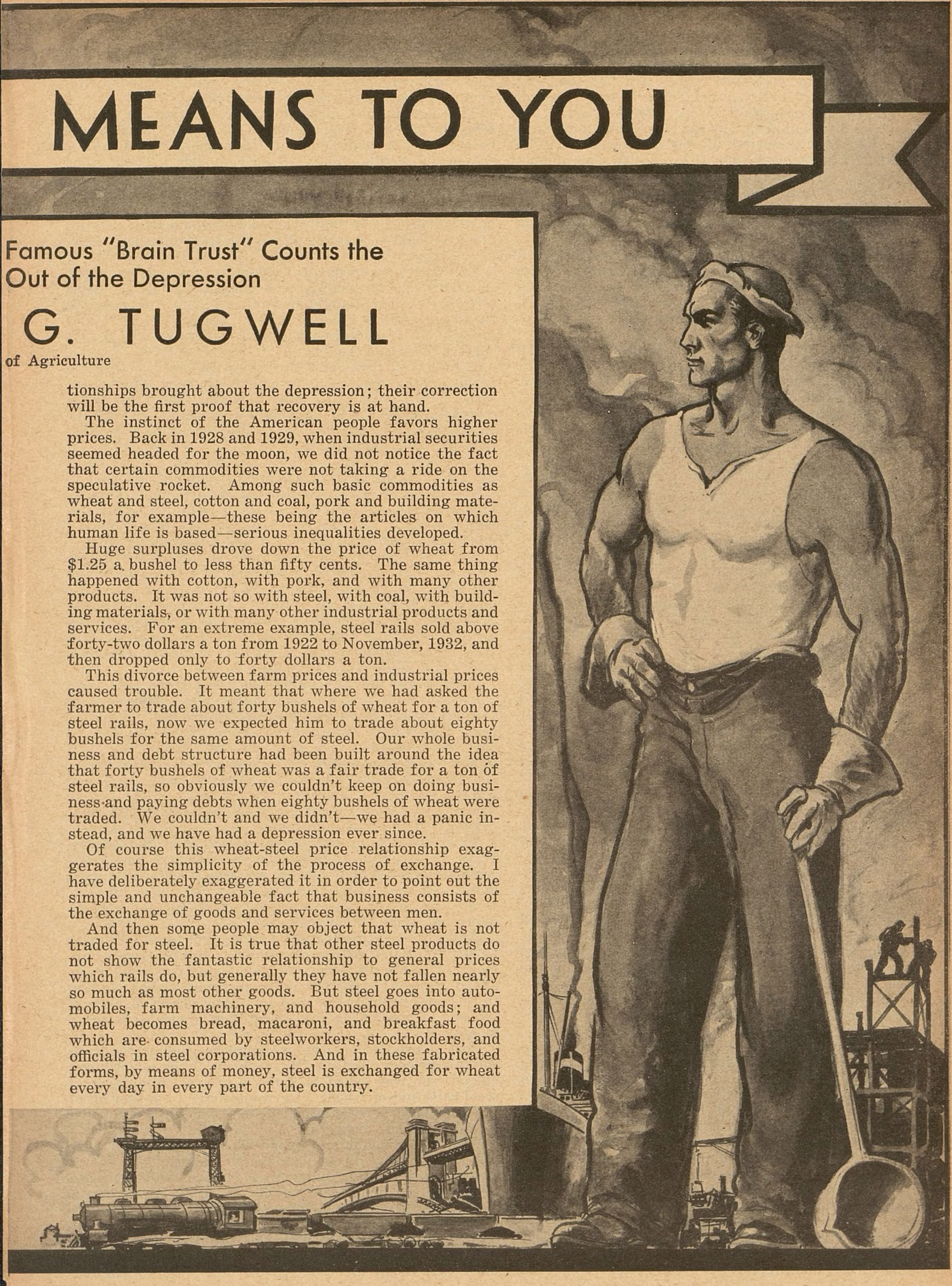
The instinct of the American people favors higher prices. Back in 1928 and 1929, when industrial securities seemed headed for the moon, we did not notice the fact that certain commodities were not taking a ride on the speculative rocket. Among such basic commodities as wheat and steel, cotton and coal, pork and building materials, for example—these being the articles on which human life is based—serious inequalities developed.

Huge surpluses drove down the price of wheat from $1.25 a bushel to less than fifty cents. The same thing happened with cotton, with pork, and with many other products. It was not so with steel, with coal, with building materials, or with many other industrial products and services. For an extreme example, steel rails sold above forty-two dollars a ton from 1922 to November, 1932, and then dropped only to forty dollars a ton.

This divorce between farm prices and industrial prices caused trouble. It meant that where we had asked the farmer to trade about forty bushels of wheat for a ton of steel rails, now we expected him to trade about eighty bushels for the same amount of steel. Our whole business and debt structure had been built around the idea that forty bushels of wheat was a fair trade for a ton of steel rails, so obviously we couldn't keep on doing business and paying debts when eighty bushels of wheat were traded. We couldn't and we didn't—we had a panic instead, and we have had a depression ever since.

Of course this wheat-steel price relationship exaggerates the simplicity of the process of exchange. I have deliberately exaggerated it in order to point out the simple and unchangeable fact that business consists of the exchange of goods and services between men.

And then some people may object that wheat is not traded for steel. It is true that other steel products do not show the fantastic relationship to general prices which rails do, but generally they have not fallen nearly so much as most other goods. But steel goes into automobiles, farm machinery, and household goods; and wheat becomes bread, macaroni, and breakfast food which are consumed by steelworkers, stockholders, and officials in steel corporations. And in these fabricated forms, by means of money, steel is exchanged for wheat every day in every part of the country.



As soon as there develops an inequality in the price relationships of these and other basic commodities, the process of exchange begins to clog. If the inequality continues, finally trade becomes impossible. Within the last year we came very close to that point.

Naturally, wheat and steel prices are not the only indicators to watch, but they can serve to symbolize all of the price divorces which were granted under the twelve years of Republican "prosperity." The important thing is that while the prices of goods in general may be going down, as happened from 1928 on, yet some important products resist the decline while others are forced down faster than the average. The inequality then becomes so great as to be plainly disastrous. That is what happened to us and that is what is still holding us back.

For there are perfectly good reasons for steel's refusal to cut its prices and for wheat's helplessness to resist the drop. The steel manufacturer has relatively complete control over the price of steel, while the farmer has never, until now, had the power to exert any concerted control over the price of wheat.

Every producer wants a high price for his product; the farmer is no better than the steel manufacturer in that particular. But the steel man can resist price declines. No matter to him if the demand for high-priced steel slackens; he keeps up his prices and reduces his production. The fires die down in the blast furnaces, the steelworkers are discharged to become a burden on the community, but the price of steel stays up.

The wheat farmer has a million other wheat growers competing with him in the United States, and countless millions in Canada, Australia, the Argentine, Russia, and elsewhere. He can't shut down his plant, he can't fire his workers and sit back until the steel men are starved into paying him more. As a rule, he has few workers to lay off and he must continue to cultivate his farm or he himself will starve.

He knows that it would be good business for him to reduce the supply of wheat in order to force up the price, but until he knows what the other millions of wheat growers will do, he cannot take the risk. Then, too, he has to take care of fixed money charges: taxes, interest on his mortgage and on his farm machinery. It takes twice as much wheat at fifty cents to pay those fixed charges as it does wheat at a dollar. So the wheat grower *must* continue production if he wants to keep his farm.

The important thing to remember is that we have these two kinds of prices, rigid and flexible, and that accordingly they are bound to get out of balance. It is as though half the passengers in a falling elevator were able to decide that they would remain suspended at the top of the shaft while the others dropped. Economic decisions, to be successful, have to be for all the passengers involved.

THAT is why it is necessary, as a matter of elementary survival, to make all prices rigid or make them all flexible. The old-fashioned believer in *laissez-faire* would like us to remove all artificial controls over prices, whether by the government or by business monopolies. That seems to me to be impossible. We already *have* the business monopolies and cannot destroy them without destroying the entire business system; hence the government *must* control and regulate so that fair price relationships may be maintained.

That is the policy which is indicated if recovery is to be permanent. It will be hard and painful, but it has to be done. Wheat and steel simply cannot be allowed to follow different courses in the future.

This is so fundamental that I should like to go into it a little deeper. When steel prices are high and wheat prices are low everybody suffers. The farmers can't buy steel (farm machinery, for example), and the unemployed steelworkers can't buy farm products. That means that the steel corporations would rather reduce their production than reduce their prices so as to keep them on a level with the incomes of their customers. And when an industry reduces production, workers *must* lose their jobs and their power to purchase the products which they and others have been making.

This unequal downward spiral of prices, production, and purchasing power is the painfully familiar process of depression. Recovery means that we must reverse the spiral. We shall know that we have restored business health when there is such equality of prices of our principal products as will promote the greatest possible volume of exchange of goods and services.

That is why it is impossible to believe that we shall be saved by an upward movement of *all* prices. What would be saved by a general upward movement would be our system of credit, which is based on debt. During the depression it was said that prices must go up or debts must be forgiven. As income dwindled debts grew. This had to be stopped or the whole capital structure would have collapsed. In that event debts would be wiped out and we should be starting all our accounts on a clean slate, at the risk of chaos.

So that we might pay at least some of our debts, a rise in prices was necessary, for so long as debt is the basis of our system of currency and exchange, we dare not sacrifice it. Some rise has already come, to the vast relief of millions of debtors. But this general rise does not correct the whole trouble.

If wheat goes up and steel goes up coördinately, the old inequality remains and we shall slip back into depression. The process of recovery demands that those prices which have been too low shall be raised sharply, while those prices which have been too high shall not rise at all but shall even be reduced.

A LIFT in the price of wheat will enable the farmer to buy, and so set up the process of exchange. This revival of exchange will be felt at once in the industries which make shoes, clothes, furniture, and other finished goods, and shortly after that in the heavy industries.

The last few months have seen the beginning of this process. The general price level began a slow rise (helping take care of debt), while the prices of products far below the level shot up rapidly. The wheat and cotton growers' new purchasing power was immediately reflected in increased department-store sales—and then the stimulus extended to steel, machinery, building materials, coal, and the like.

That is only half the picture, however. The next question is what we shall do about those prices which did not fall during the depression and which are still far out of line. The manufacturers who defend these prices claim that their costs have not been reduced and that the codes under the Recovery Act and the processing taxes under the Farm Act will obviously increase their costs and compel them to raise their prices still higher. They demand the time-honored right of business to pass their higher costs on to the consumer.

This brings us up against the secret crisis of recovery. If all the enterprises in our business system pass these costs, as manufacturers figure them, on to their consumers and if nothing is done to bring industrial prices into line with farm prices, we are headed ultimately for a worse depression than the present one.

Anybody who thinks that we are going to restore prosperity by raising prices all around is due for disillusionment. If there were more efficient industrial production, added wage or tax costs could be absorbed without adding to the sales price of the product. Any practical view of the cost of production shows that it is no excuse for high prices.

Cost of production simply cannot be used as the basis for fair prices. Imagine the problem of the government official who was asked to find the cost of production of steel rails and of wheat. He would have to gather *all* of the facts from several hundred steel plants and from over a million wheat growers.

Every steel plant and every wheat farm would have different costs. He would have to decide which set of costs to choose, and whatever he decided would be questionable. If he had to do the job in a year, it would take more expert accountants than there are. The Interstate Commerce Commission spent years and millions of dollars trying to value the railroads in order to determine their operating and capital costs, and never finished the job. The Department of Agriculture tried to discover the cost of farm production and gave it up after years of futility. The job is too slow; it is too laborious, too expensive; experts disagree; and by the time it is done the items of cost have changed so that it has to be done over.

The real trouble is that any statement of costs is based on imputed values. Any good statistician can slip in everything but the kitchen stove when he tries to reckon costs. Everybody goes misty-eyed over what is elegantly known as " overhead," which may and often does include charges for unprofitable and foolish investments, for excessive depreciation, and for capitalized profits and surpluses in the past. If we try to find the costs of production in industry, we enter a kind of fairyland of economics in which there are no landmarks for the discovery of reality.

According to most cost statements, few prices are high enough. We can't trust business to tell us its costs, and we can't find them out for ourselves.

For entirely different reasons we can't use cost of production as a yardstick to measure fair prices for farm products. The farmer frequently doesn't realize his own costs. He may lengthen his hours of labor, or include the labor of his family, without ever dreaming of charging for it. When prices drop, he may stop buying fertilizer or spend less time in cultivating his farm, and so be mining his land and living on his capital. He may add to his costs of production in a thousand different ways and still not know it and be unable to pass them on to the consumer.

That is why we must base our prices not on costs, but on relationships with other prices. When one important product costs so much that the man who makes another important product can't afford to buy it, then the price of the first is too high and must be brought down.

And we know how to bring them down. If a man builds a billion-dollar automobile plant and manufactures only one automobile, that car costs a billion dollars, plus the labor and material. If he makes a million automobiles, each car costs only a thousand dollars, plus labor and material. If he makes five million, each costs only two hundred dollars, plus labor and material. So a steel rail made when the plant is running full blast obviously costs much less than one made when the plant is running at only 15 per cent of capacity. The overhead is about the same, and has no great relation to the number of steel rails produced.

So when we want to lower costs in industry all we need to do is to encourage a greater volume of production. That's what this administration is trying to do, and it is why the prices of industrial goods do not need to rise so fast as farmers' and workers' incomes.

FOR recovery must help everybody or, in the long run, it will fail. Mass production demands mass consumption. Prices cannot rise if people cannot pay them. First we must raise the farmer's income and the worker's wages; otherwise we will have a buyers' strike that will bankrupt every business in the country. The Farm Act and the Recovery Act are designed to give the mass of the people the money with which to buy.

This is going to mean higher prices to the consumer. But it won't do any good at all if the cost of living goes up as fast as income rises.

So we shall have to examine all prices critically, and as a second step—one to which we have already come in certain instances, such as milk—we shall have to set prices for many commodities. The administration has not yet had to face the problem of price-fixing on an extensive scale. All that is known is that it will have to be faced, that it will be dangerous, and that industries subject to price control will resent it. That will be the time when President Roosevelt will most need the support of genuinely patriotic citizens. But there is real reason to believe that he can count on it. They know, I think, that his interest in the common man is not a political platitude. They count on his character and his steadfastness.

Last July the Bureau of Labor Statistics surveyed prices for 784 commodities between June, 1929, and February, 1933, and June, 1933. Between the first two periods—the high point and the low point in the general price level—42 commodities did not fall in price at all, 48 fell by less than 10 per cent, and 27 commodities actually increased in price at a time when other prices dropped from 20 to 87 per cent. If there is profiteering we know where to look for it.

Hard coal, electricity, gas, and bread, for example, actually increased in price during the depression, the increase in bread prices coming despite the terrific drop in the price of wheat. Revolutions have been caused by less than that.

Farm machinery, chemicals, and refrigerators held their prices steady.

Cement, iron, and steel products declined by less than 20 per cent, while farm products as a whole declined 60 per cent in the prices received by the farmer.

It would be a good idea, some time, to count the number of people dependent on high-priced industries and those dependent on low-priced industries, and to show how the inequality in prices has brought tragic destitution to millions of people in both camps.

If we are to succeed, some prices must be held down, and even reduced, during the coming months.

THE process of recovery includes three elements: First, to raise wages and farm incomes; second, to hold certain prices down; and, third, to speed up and spread our $3,300,000,000 program of public works. Through the Public Works Administration, the federal government is priming the pump of purchasing power.

When the farm and industry programs are in full swing, the public works program can be tapered off, but it may be months before we can expect any real benefits from these. I know that a great many people believe that once the codes are signed everything will be all right. It won't be. It will be improved but not cured. It took time to get into the depression and it will take time to get out of it. In the meantime we must spread as much purchasing power as we can.

Through carefully chosen public works we know that we can give men jobs and the power to purchase the things that they have long needed. As the need for so extensive a program disappears, the program will be reduced, until once more our industrial life and our public works construction alike reach something like prosperity.

So the Public Works Administration is the next great step. The idea is not new. But now we have found the courage to back our faith that prosperity is possible with the federal government setting the example and directing the process.

The program of public works is many-sided. It includes the overhauling of the federal government's plant, the addition of everything from lighthouses to plant experiment stations all over the country. It includes the building of $400,000,000 worth of public roads, of $238,000,000 worth of new ships for the navy, and of several power projects. The federal government alone plans to spend over a billion dollars in improving its property and providing for the national defense.

The law also provides for grants and loans to other public bodies on the basis of 30-per-cent grant and 70-per-cent loan. Sewage and water systems, bridges, tunnels, slum clearance, and new housing—all the needed improvements in our equipment for living and for enjoying life are to be started again after several years of despair.

This is going to give industry a break. Within a year it ought to put several million men to work at jobs which are really worth while.

Taken together with the Blue Eagle campaign, it constitutes the boldest attack upon national lethargy and despair that was ever conceived.

It had to be done. The old drifting policy had failed miserably. This country was " out on its feet " last winter. Whether the new policy fails or succeeds, it has given America back her courage and has put our native ingenuity to work again. The government and the people are working together now as never before in times of peace. Together we ought to be able to make the process of recovery click.

THE END

BEGINNING

Forever, Perhaps!

A Poignant New Novel of Tangled Loves, and Youth that Lived for the Moment

(Reading time: 29 minutes 50 seconds.)

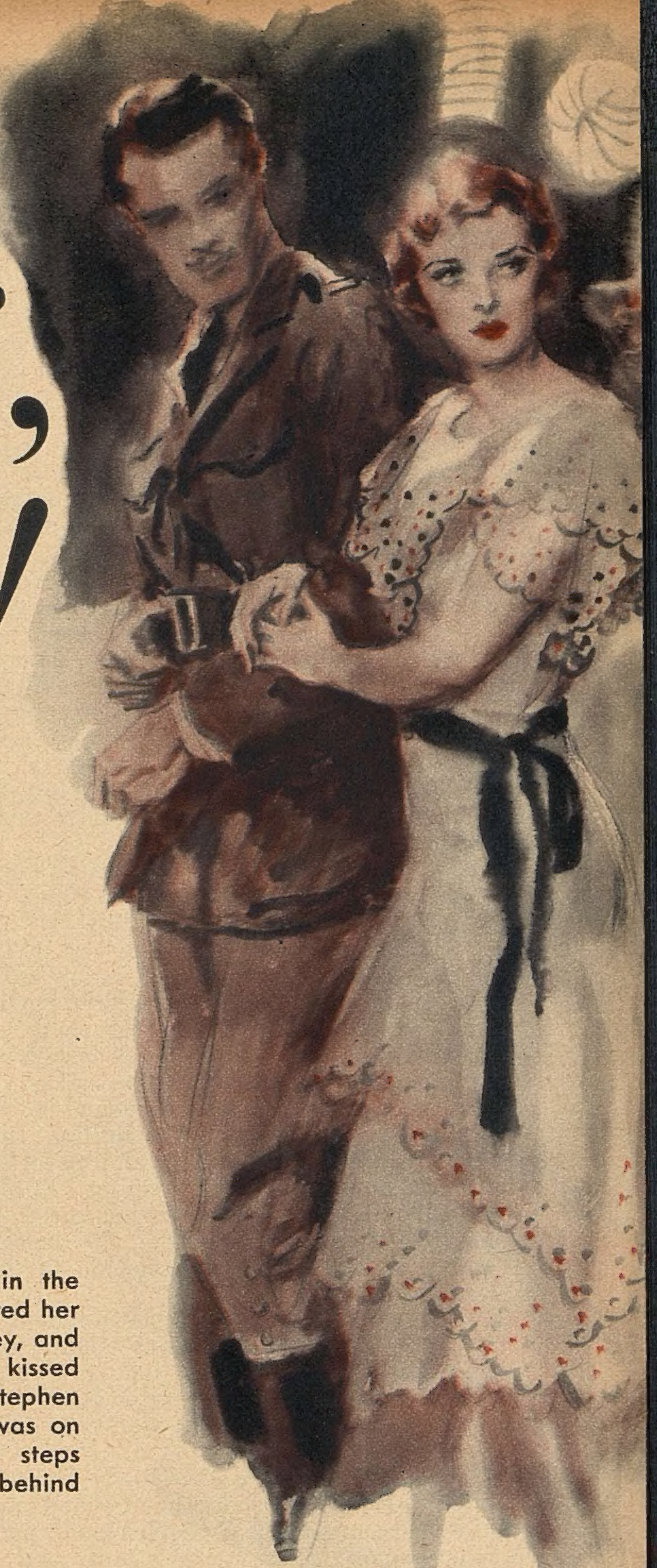
PART ONE—THE WAR GENERATION

THEY were the generation which, coming to maturity under the pressure of the war, developed too surely the conviction that life was brief. So they discounted all their tomorrows for their todays, and found the tomorrows, when they arrived, at least disconcerting. They were the generation which did all the commonplace things so badly and the unusual things so well. Born of the war, they died as an entity of the great depression, having taken nothing seriously in the interval but themselves, and themselves not always.

Some of them live on, parents of children fourteen years old. Some of them, holding their chins higher than in the arrogance of their youth, but now to hide throat muscles not as firm as they used to be, repeat old moods, seek new adventures like the old, with less and less fire or meaning about them now. But they face emptiness, futility with as much grace, as much easy laughter, as they gave to the fullness of life and the sense of importance they had when they were young.

A few of them are dead.

There were, among my generation, Muriel, Jeffrey, and Helena.



Lela turned in the moonlight, lifted her face to Jeffrey, and he bent and kissed it. Muriel, on Stephen Mills's arm, was on the terrace steps twenty feet behind them.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

THE story of Muriel, Jeffrey, and Helena is as much mine as theirs. At moments when I have been in despair about them I have resented that—resented being compelled willy-nilly to play forever the Greek chorus, to which none of the principals paid any particular attention, in a drama that seemed imminently about to become tragedy. Then, when I was simply acutely exasperated with them, I decided that my rôle was no more than one of Shakespeare's comic gravediggers. But sometimes, when I admitted to myself that they, or at least Muriel and Jeffrey, were the most exciting people I knew, and that only through their lives was I to comprehend at all that romantic love about which so much poetry good and bad has been written, I was content—was even grateful for my rôle as taken-for-granted old friend.

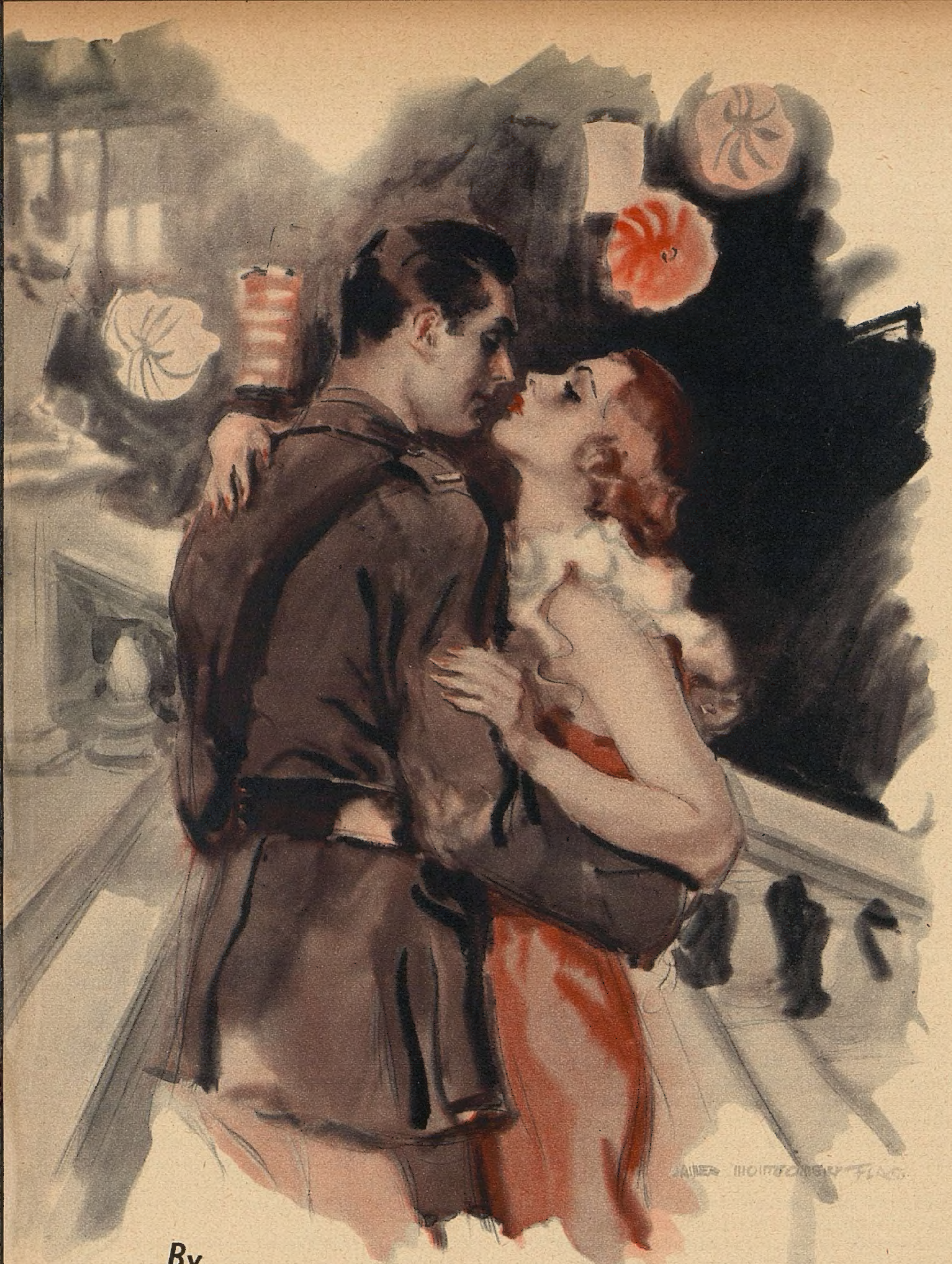
The conclusion for them was definitive, was absolute. As to the beginning I have never been quite so sure. Perhaps the beginning was as long ago as that raw April morning when I was flung out of my generation.

It was April and the year was 1917. Muriel and my sister Helena were home for Easter vacation from school; Jeffrey and I from Harvard. We had all already known each other forever, had grown up within a hundred yards of one another in that north Westchester town which was not then yet as fashionable as it became postwar, nor nearly, generally speaking, in as great need of fresh paint and new money as it has become recently.

We, or at least Muriel, Jeffrey, and I, were exercising Stephen Mills's horses in the old hill pasture which he planned to make into a polo field. At that time he had progressed only as far as removing half the stones, being principally involved in consolidating his new fortune.

My sister Helena sat on a stone wall and cheered us, being then at sixteen, as always, a blonde so decorative she was well designed to ornament cheer sections for all of her life, and to have blankets wrapped round her to shelter her from the least unfriendly breeze. She sat on a stone wall, in a green coat trimmed with dark fur, and a green turban over her yellow curls, and applauded impartially when either Jeffrey or Muriel jumped well.

There was no reason why she should applaud me. Riding was not, in fact, my sport. Tennis, yes. I had a small



By

URSULA PARROTT

Author of EX-WIFE, STRANGERS MAY KISS, etc.

choice collection of trophies which represented in my secret heart the beginning of a road which was to lead to the shining glory of the Davis Cup. In time, I said to myself—in two years or three or four.

Oh, well, it was a raw April morning, gray, with a belated March wind blowing shreds of mist across the pasture, and robins saluting the spring prematurely in the old gnarled apple trees. Helena sat warmly wrapped on the wall, and Jeffrey and Muriel dared each other into fantastic performances on their horses, and I followed them when I could.

It was becoming obvious to me, in that spring of my senior year at Harvard, that I would follow Muriel's tawny head, when I could, always, and that perhaps so would Jeffrey. But that then did not particularly trouble me. In that infinitely remote prewar springtime there was no exigency about any of us. We had the feeling, which shortly our generation lost forever, that there was time enough; that, in fact, we were all a little too young to take ourselves or one another with any desperate seriousness.

Helena was sixteen, Muriel a year older. I was twenty-two, and that April morning was Jeffrey's twentieth birthday. My seniority made me patronize him somewhat—though he was a good man at Harvard, crew in his sophomore year, and, it was thought, destined to be editor in chief of the Crimson. He never was, of course. We none of us were any of the things that we thought we were going to be then.

I WAS not having a particularly good time. The Jenningses and the Kents were born on horses, as they said in our town then, and long before then, so Jeffrey and Muriel were perfectly content. But to ride half broken hunters breakneck over a half smoothed field, and jump five-barred gates and three-foot wide stone walls right and left as occurred to one, was not my idea of pleasure. Besides, I acutely disliked Stephen Mills, who owned the horses and suggested to Muriel that she amuse herself by bringing her friends to exercise them.

It was obvious to me, or to any one, why he had asked Muriel to exercise his horses. She was, though orphaned and living under the casual chaperonage of a lawyer-guardian, the only remaining member of the Kent family which had been principal citizens of our town for two hundred years. Stephen Mills was arrived in it less than two. Even so, he would scarcely have paid marked attention to her had she not, the previous winter, achieved that amazing beauty sometimes quietly implicit in sixteen-year-old girls.

She did not flower—she flamed. Her brown hair blazed with copper lights. Her figure, always small and slight, curved. Under a skin like new cream, the pink came and went as she regarded a world that promised to be exciting, from the most beautiful eyes I ever saw. Fringed with long almost black lashes, they were enormous wide hazel eyes that shone with merriment, with exhilaration, that danced or were grave and deep as still water.

Curious that across the space of sixteen years I can remember the smile, the laugh, that she had that gray morning. Smile and laughter of a confident little girl wholly untouched by life and eager to begin it. She was wearing fawn breeches, boots that even then were unusually well made—she was born probably with her flair for clothes—and, absurdly, Jeffrey's crew sweater, twice too big for her.

She rode simply like a dream. She was mounted on a black gelding that, I knew, was one of the most erratic horses in the county. She rode him as if he and she spoke the same language. She led—and Jeffrey followed—up and down the meadow, across the fences and the walls and the brush jumps. I was mounted on a hard-mouthed bay horse who recognized in our first ten minutes together that my seat was not completely certain and my hand rather less so. But I stayed with him, more by good fortune and a certain stubborn pride than by innate skill.

Until eventually I followed them—her bright hair, her bright laughter blowing back against the wind, Jeffrey by her side, his black head leaning close to her—at full gallop down the meadow to the wall that led to the path through the pine woods. I remember now the scent of pine needles with the rain new fallen on them, the brown path rising between the rows of blue-green on the far side of the jump, and the look of a patch of rocky ground just this side of it.

Jeffrey and Muriel went over like birds flying. I followed.

They told me afterward that my horse slipped on the wet stones on the near side, started to refuse the jump, changed his mind, went over and went down. I have a vague recollection of the sound of my sister Helena's voice screaming. But when, among my bandages in the town hospital several days later, I took any consecutive interest in life, it was to learn that the United States had the day previously declared war on Germany. And every one, including Jeffrey and Muriel, who came to see me, after minimizing the extent of my injuries in the proper fashion, turned immediately to discussion of the war.

We had anticipated it more or less for some time, so that we had almost taken it for granted. But now it was arrived. It made a difference. Jeffrey and Muriel talked very excitedly about the possibility of his joining the Flying Corps. Stephen Mills was going to the first Plattsburg camp. "To become," I said bitterly, "an officer if not a gentleman."

That was on one of Jeffrey's and Muriel's later visits. They looked at me in what amounted to mildly shocked surprise, and I realized that my generation was moving on without me. That hard-mouthed bay had flung me rather far from any of the glamorous roads they were beginning to travel. My contemporaries were to be invariably kind to me, when they could take time from their own swift-moving lives—as, when they had time, they were to be kind to the aged.

MY life was to be a succession of nice and pretty girls who paused on their way to flirtations, to matrimony, to security, on country-club verandas, to say, "Peter darling, you are simply horrid not to ask me to dance—to make me ask you." And I was to rise and dance with them stiffly, so that, in the dressing room, they might say in kind warm young voices, "Take five minutes to ask old Peter to dance. He must feel out of it, you know."

I can dance, for a few minutes at a time. My limp is not noticeable at fifty yards' distance, and my tailor has done extraordinarily well in disguising my twisted arm.

. . . . .

Well, by June of '17 I was, if not reconciled, nonchalant. The kindness of young women in asking me to dance was still ahead of me, because I still used crutches; but I went to the big country-club dance in honor of the first visiting British officer. Time was to bring me detachment and even humor. But that scented night, after a half hour of watching my friends moving rapturously to the strains of Poor Butterfly on their ways to glory—or the grave perhaps, but it seemed very distant—I could bear no more.

I crept down the long veranda, on my crutches, to a seat under the elm by the swimming pool, where the strains of dance music came down too distantly to be stirring or poignant. I sat there, completely hidden from passers-by, and wished more or less that I were dead. The visiting Britisher came by with my sister Helena on his arm.

A little later I heard Muriel's laughter, and saw her walking toward me with Jeffrey, newly arrived on a week-end leave from the Naval Aviation Service. The moonlight was dim, so that against his well cut green uniform her rose frock bloomed very palely. They were walking slowly. I started to call to them, but felt completely unfit to exchange jests with them, so I sat silent. They did not see me. I expected that they would walk on past the pool, but they stopped and sat on the ledge overlooking it.

Then it was immediately too late for me to intrude with any conversation about the beauty of the moonlight or the excellence of the music, because Jeffrey's first words were, "We can be married next year, when I'm twenty-one. Or, if I go to France first, we'll lie about our ages and get married anyway."

SHE said to him in that grave child's voice of hers, "I love you. I will do what you say. It frightens me, because I know somehow that we are both too young—that everything has speeded up so, in the last weeks we are forced to hurry something that should have been gradual. I mean, if it hadn't been for the war you might have proposed to me in 1920 and we would have discussed being married in the June of 1921. I'm seventeen and you are twenty."

He interrupted her. He said, "I know, dearest dearest, but I don't want to wait now. I want to be sure of you."

She said, "You don't have to wait. I will be engaged to you now, and marry you when you say. Jeffrey, I expect that I'm going to love you forever, and that's a frightening long time when one's seventeen."

His voice was tender. He was a completely unmelodramatic young man, but the times had forced a little melodrama upon him. Besides, I suppose he sensed vaguely that there was truth in what she said—that they were both too young to be so sure. Jeffrey said, "Promise to love me until I go away, and after that forever perhaps."

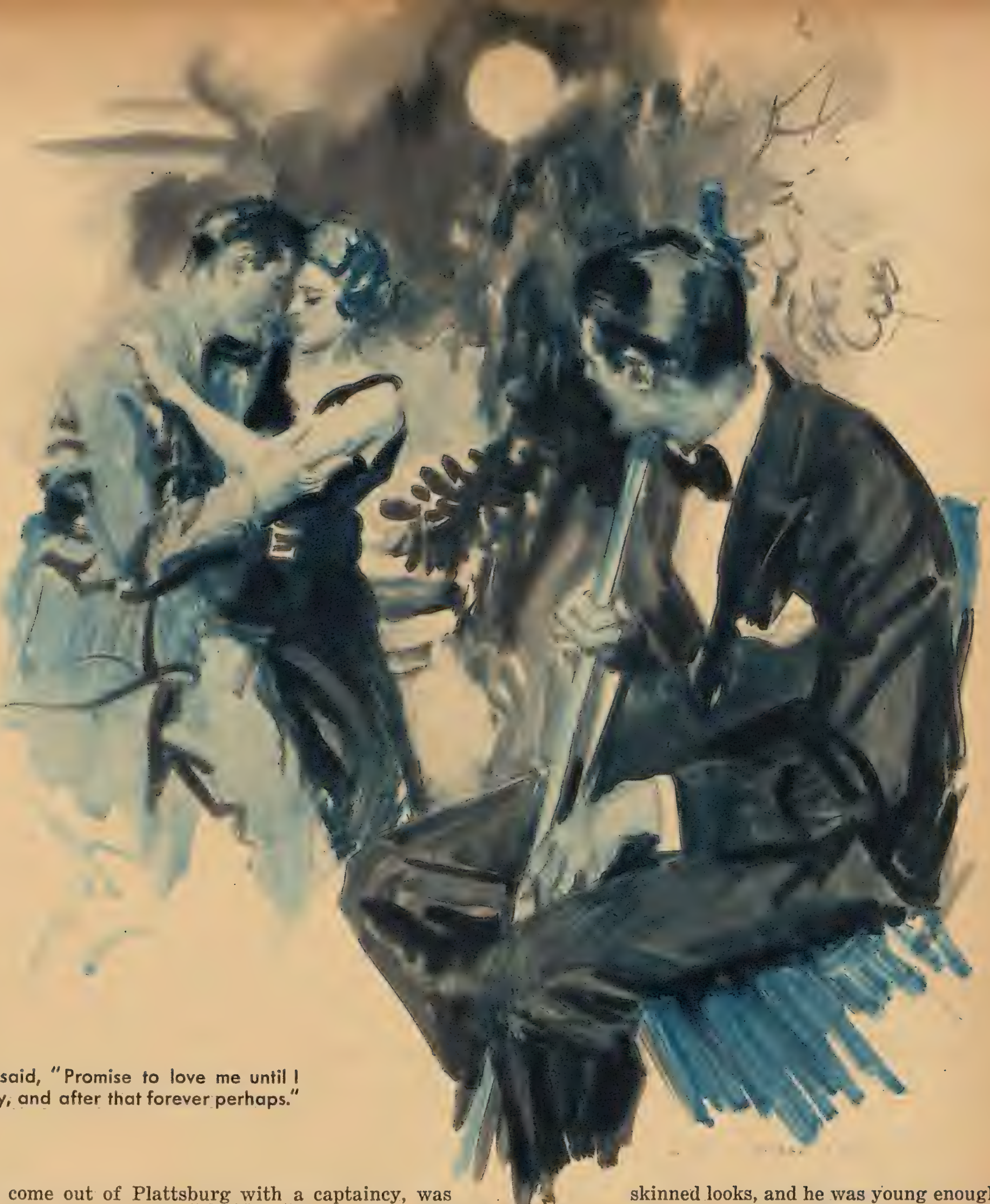
She said "Forever perhaps" after him in a sad little steady voice. And I know that they were both thinking that forever, to many of the men among their contemporaries dancing, might resolve itself into no more than months. We have forgotten almost all about that—but that sense of uncertainty was clear among us in that first spring of the war. It gave significance to the smallest happenings, and with it mounted the sense of snatching at things before they went past forever.

Well, there was nothing for me to snatch at any more. And I sat under that great elm by the swimming pool, envying them and hating them both. It passed. I was to envy and hate them, almost, again, but never for long, never seriously.

I was used to my permanent rôle as looker-on by that autumn, when they quarreled. At twenty-two, five months spent largely in contemplation of the fact that all one's life is to be spent largely in contemplation of the lives of others is a very long time. Such easy problems as remained for me were quickly settled while my contemporaries settled on the army or the navy. It was arranged between my mother and me that I should take an extra term at Harvard to get the degree I had missed by my accident in April. That then I should study law because my father had been a lawyer. I had planned—Heaven help the very young—to combine a tennis career with membership in one of the expeditions being organized to explore, in China or Mesopotamia, missing chapters in the history of mankind. I thought I was going to be a quite good archæologist.

Every one told me how fortunate I was that the problem of money was not acute. There was enough for my mother, Helena, and me to live comfortably in our pleasant elm-shaded house—that began to be a little dwarfed by the wings and terraces Stephen Mills was adding to his place next door.

He entertained a good deal that late summer and fall.



Jeffrey said, "Promise to love me until I go away, and after that forever perhaps."

He had come out of Plattsburg with a captaincy, was stationed at a camp some twenty miles upstate, was immediately to sail for France, but seemed meanwhile able to wangle an extraordinary number of leaves, which he spent entertaining an amusing diversity of people.

It was he who imported Mrs. Lela Patterson to our town. Not deliberately—I mean not with foresight of the consequences—though at the time I misjudged that. She was one of the prewar crop of divorcees who had achieved money, a smattering of acquaintances in and patter about European gambling resorts, " the dear Princess," " the Grand Duke, so daring "—that sort of thing, which was as cheap as it is nowadays, but had more flavor of novelty about it in a town like ours in 1917.

Besides, the woman's looks were lovely, more exotic than whatever they had been at twenty. Probably she had not even been blonde then. But she had grace, and a way of walking as if she had learned to walk on curving marble staircases, instead of twenty miles out of Wichita, Kansas, as was the fact.

She went head over about Jeffrey's black-headed clear-skinned looks, and he was young enough to be excited about that. Not that he ever took her seriously. But the " Take another drink now—tomorrow you may not be drinking," " Dance this dance closely—tomorrow you may be through with dances " era was well on its way. He loved Muriel; he wanted to marry Muriel before he went to France.

But here was an odd flavor, the woman of the world of thirty, labeled more or less definitely " experience," and he wanted to taste that taste too. I think, besides, he was a little restless because some of his friends were practically in sight of France and his course in naval aviation was not half finished.

I am sure, knowing Jeffrey, that their *affaire* progressed no farther than a couple of tea engagements at the Plaza, with Lela ordering the cocktails because Jeffrey was in uniform and there was a regulation against serving men in uniform.

Until the night of the last war party Stephen Mills gave. His outfit was under more or less definite sailing orders, so he gave a final evening garden party, with dancing on the upper two terraces, and Japanese lanterns on all five, and the two fountains playing. His landscape architect was a good man. The place that night had the effect more or less of a minor Versailles.

That night Jeffrey kissed Lela Patterson on the third terrace by the bad statue of Diana, and Muriel saw him. I was walking, leaning rather heavily on my stick, under the birches massed at the terrace end. As I say, five months had brought me a certain steadiness, but I still was in the stage where I could stand so much and no more of being led to a comfortable chair, brought wine, cigarettes, and matches, and surrounded by light-footed girls who jested with me. Of course, plunging about in the darkness, I was likely to intrude occasionally on acquaintances who walked in the darkness two by two, holding hands and arranging lives without many words. But already they had begun to pay as little attention to me as to the iron animals which still guarded some of our older lawns.

That night I had watched the dancers—watched Muriel dancing—until I had had enough of it. She always smiled when she danced past the corner of the terrace where I sat. I was used to that smile of hers now, kind, gentle, commiserating. She had taken all summer a good deal of trouble about me, had shown her genuine fondness for me so unmistakably that I knew she had completely forgotten that once or twice, in that winter of 1916-17 that already seemed so distant, she had found me an exciting person to know.

Her engagement with Jeffrey was not announced, was simply an "understanding" to obviate objections from his family and her guardian based on their extreme youth. So she danced through that first war summer, a noteworthy success among a generation of them, exchanging laughter and aphorisms with an assortment of young men who would not have seemed so glamorous minus their well fitting uniforms and the fact that they were on their way to be heroes.

She was breathlessly in love with Jeffrey, and he with her. I think that breathlessness made them both seek escape—since his family laughed at the notion of a serious commitment before he was of age. She sought it in keeping herself surrounded, whenever she could not be with Jeffrey, with half a dozen men. He sought it in his flirtation with Lela Patterson.

And they liked each other so well they could probably have explained that to each other, given time. But there was not time for any one to stop to explain anything that summer and autumn.

It was too late for explanations the moment after Lela turned in the moonlight, lifted her face to Jeffrey, and he bent and kissed it. Muriel, on Stephen Mills's arm, was on the terrace steps twenty feet behind them. And whether Stephen Mills had arranged that with Lela Patterson—who was supposed vaguely to be rather more than a pretty good friend of his—no one ever knew.

All summer Stephen had taken what he could get of Muriel's spare time—had managed cleverly to make himself seem much more of a man of the world than most of the other people she knew, had avoided making love to her directly, knowing that that would awaken her loyalty to Jeffrey. He was just there when Jeffrey was not available, which was often, for Jeffrey only managed one weekend leave a month.

SO now, Jeffrey being otherwise occupied, he was there beside Muriel, and the moonlight was bright enough to see that he was smiling.

Life gave Muriel poise, whatever else it withheld from her. In fact, I think that evening may well have been the last time she ever lost poise in front of spectators for an instant.

She said in the hurt voice of a little girl, "Jeffrey—" And then she caught herself.

I walked out into the light, with some impulse to say to her, "It was just a silly gesture. Don't be disturbed by it." But she did not look at me. She looked at Jeffrey, who looked at her. Stephen tightened his hand on her arm, and Lela regarded the three of them as if they were actors who had stupidly enough simultaneously forgotten their lines.

Jeffrey said slowly, "Sorry, Muriel dear," and Lela's laughter tinkled out then. She said, "Jeff dearest, what a rude thing to say in my presence—after all the pretty things you have said to me, too."

Muriel's voice was quite slow and steady when she spoke. I knew by its steadiness that there was no use now to intervene. She said, "Sorry I interrupted. Stephen, take me back to the house. I'd like to dance some more with you."

They went up the terrace steps together. Some tulle drapery on Muriel's skirt caught in a branch of shrubbery. Stephen stopped and disentangled it, and then they went on.

Jeffrey and Lela stared after them. There was something a little hard, a little amused about the corners of Lela's mouth. But Jeffrey looked completely dismayed. He had started, in fact, two or three steps after them, but Lela had put a hand on his shoulder. And he was only twenty and had been having a man-of-the-world flirtation with her. He could not well have left her standing alone in the garden while he ran after his own truelove. Or I don't suppose that it seemed to him he could do that.

I walked over to him and asked him for a cigarette. He left Lela and me together then, after a few moments, and went on toward the house. I remember she talked to me about an effect of terraces like this in the garden of some château in Normandy.

WHEN we went back, she walking a little impatiently beside me because of my slowness, we found Jeffrey drinking champagne. Muriel wasn't on the dance floor. After a while some one said Stephen had taken her home.

Next morning Jeff called in to see me on his way back to his station. He said, "I know you saw that thing last night. So look at this—and straighten it out for me, for God's sake! I shan't get home for fifteen days at best, and when I called at Muriel's house that lawyer cousin of hers told me she was gone away for the day."

"This" was a note from Muriel. It said:

Jeffrey dear:

We were too young to be so sure it was forever, but I do wish you, forever, all sorts of nice things. Only, please do not try to see me to explain, because there's nothing to explain, and it would make me a little unhappy—remembering how sure we were—to see you.

I said, "I'll straighten it out if I can. But it isn't as if she were one of the girls who have been taking their kisses by battalions. She's only seventeen and you are undoubtedly the first and only person she ever kissed, so what happened no doubt seems incredibly important to her. You and I know it wasn't, but just the same you were a fool, Jeff."

He said, "Don't I know it! I'll call her long distance myself tonight, but try to see her before then—try to make her understand that it was just what it was."

I said, "You might tell me what that was."

He said, "You don't need to be as disagreeable as that, Peter. You know well enough—I wanted not to miss any of the show in case it should all stop together."

I went to see her that evening. She was waiting on the veranda of her shabby old house—but not waiting, I sensed instantly, for me. Light from a yellow lamp inside the drawing-room window spilled out across her face; and something in it was changed, was remote, as if she were regarding me, that familiar vista of shrubbery and lawn that ran below the porch, herself even, from a viewpoint different than she had possessed before. She, five years younger, who had always seemed so young to me, seemed curiously now mature, and I thought, "Even she goes on to outstrip me in loving!"

Then I laughed at myself and told her she was looking very beautiful. She was. She was wearing some sort of gold-lace frock. Against its décolletage her fair skin glowed.

She said, with no preface, but in a strange warm quiet voice that was different too, "Jeffrey sent you, of course. I knew he would. But there's no use trying to explain that it meant nothing. There's no use in any of the things you planned to say, because I'm marrying Stephen Mills on Saturday,

(Continued on page fourteen)

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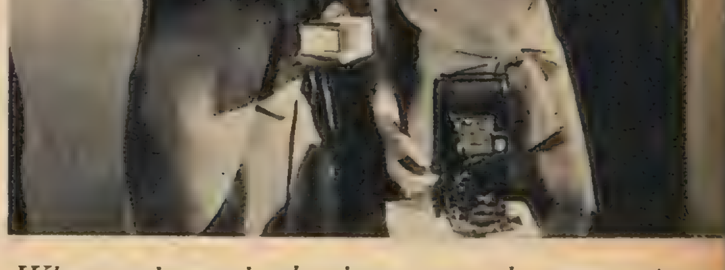

When ready to take the picture, open the camera shutter flash the lamp by pressing the reflector button and clos the shutter. It is as easy as taking snapshots outdoors

(Continued from page twelve)

and my guardian's very pleased."

I asked her with some violence what that had to do with anything. I told her that Stephen Mills was *nouveau riche,* was too old for her, was marrying her for her family and her beauty, as he would acquire a horse for its pedigree and looks. I used a good many words. She heard them through quietly. And when I was done she said, "What you are trying to tell me I know. That that woman is no more than an experiment of Jeffrey's on the way to growing up—a quite natural experiment. That if he and I were not hurried by the war—if we were waiting three years to announce our engagement, and four or so to marry—he might make half a dozen experiments like that, and I might make the equivalent of them. Only, you see, we haven't the time as it is. We can't look forward, as we did last year and the year before, to football games with fur coats and chrysanthemums, pleasant summers with parties at the yacht club and sailing trips and tennis. Next week, next month or the month after, he leaves me to go out of the life we both knew, we both anticipated."

I said, stupidly enough, "He will come back to you."

She nodded, said, "They write songs about that phrase, don't they? There are a couple of new ones. But they miss the point. Jeffrey will come back probably; so will almost every one—but not as they went away."

I was silent, not seeing quite where her thoughts were going. She said suddenly, desperately, "I can't wait, I tell you! Because I am no good to him—we are no good to each other. This wouldn't have happened if we had been. I'm too young to help him grow up. He's too young to help me."

I was aware that I was uttering aphorisms, and uttered another. "Time," I said, "will cure that."

She laughed a little mockingly, said, "The thing we have not got," and I saw her eyes watching a man's figure walking up from the lower end of the lawn. It was Stephen Mills, of course. She stood up quickly. She was then as remote as if she were made of painted porcelain, and her hand when she held it out to me was as cool. She said, "Good-by, Peter. I don't mean literally. Stephen will want us all to have a drink together. But good-by to this and that. I'm right, you know. Jeffrey needs the *compleat* woman, or several of them, more than me. And I—I need a *compleat* man, to bear it."

The last words quivered, and I understood that underneath the sophisticated gold-lace dress and the cool manner she was a shocked and wounded child.

But her voice steadied. She called out, "'Lo, Stephen darling. I've told Peter we're to be married."

I SAID the proper things. We all had a drink together. Watching Stephen's face light when he looked at her, I wondered why I disliked him so much. He had strength, certainly, under his hardness. He would take care of her. And perhaps that was the best destiny to be achieved by an exotically beautiful and emotional young woman in the summer of 1917.

Stephen's confident voice boomed out, "We'll have to be married almost immediately because of my embarkation orders," and I heard a telephone bell ring in the hall, and a maid came out and said, "Miss Kent, it's Mr. Jennings calling long distance."

Muriel stood up, smiling very serenely at Stephen, and walked smoothly, a froth of gold lace drifting, the few steps into the hall. She made no effort to make her voice either low or more distinct than usual. But we sat quiet, as people sit despite themselves when some one is talking near by on a telephone, and her voice came out to us clearly enough.

She said immediately, "I'm glad you telephoned. Be the second to wish me felicity—Peter's been the first. Stephen and I are to be married Saturday or thereabouts." There was a little pause, and then her voice quickened as if she were not answering whatever he had said, but summoning that flippancy her contemporaries were beginning to use instead of courage—or alongside courage possibly. She said, "I hope you have a lovely time, Jeffrey darling. Come back with seventeen medals and a Russian princess, and we'll laugh about the children we were. Good-by." There was a little click as she dropped the receiver.

I knew that she had done it then—that she had roused his pride against her now—and that they were lost to each other except for a miracle. Yet I knew also that in a normal course of events three months would have reconciled them, since they were as completely, as irrevocably as any two people I ever knew, in love. But then they had only moment to moment.

Stephen said when she came back, "You are right, my dear. Saturday is a better day for guests than Friday. Do you want a noon wedding?"

I did not wait for her to decide that with him. I went home.

SHE was married at noon Saturday, at one of those big impromptu war weddings where the sense of excitement combined with the champagne to produce an effect of its making no difference who married whom, because it was all transient and amusing and gay enough.

Helena was maid of honor. I did not expect to see Jeffrey among the guests, but he came—too late for the ceremony and a trifle drunk. Helena, after Stephen and Muriel had left for some brief complicated wedding journey that had to be confined to within twenty-five miles of Stephen's camp, took charge of Jeffrey. I realized when I noticed them walking up and down, by something in the very smoothness of my sister's manner, that she was well content. She had always been fond of him; but at that wedding, or very shortly after, I knew she meant to marry him.

She married him in the spring of 1918, before he went to France. Muriel was not present at their wedding. Indeed, since her own we had scarcely seen her. She stayed in New York that winter, after her husband sailed, partly because it was more amusing and partly because, in the prompt patriotic manner of the time, she was having a baby and her doctor was a New York man.

But Muriel and Jeffrey met once, before he went to the war.

It was May, a year and a month from that remote gray morning when Muriel and Jeff and I had exercised Stephen Mills's horses while Helena cheered us. It was full springtime. Helena and Jeffrey were some weeks married. She was the conventional but much prettier than the usual ecstatically happy, "wonderfully brave" war bride, and Jeffrey played the rôle of completely fortunate bridegroom well.

But concerning him I was never sure any more. We were as good friends as ever, but we carefully avoided occasions of intimacy. Since he could not well say to me, "Yes, I married your sister on a rebound, and I know as well as you she's just a charming blonde, but she'll keep me steady and I want that," nor I to him, "Would you have ever noticed even that about her if you could have had Muriel?"

His orders for France were so imminent that we knew it was probably his last week-end until the war ended, and preceded meals with extra cocktails and enlivened them with artificially bright conversation. After Sunday dinner he and I had some business to transact. An uncle had left him recently a small estate and he wanted me to take charge of it while he was in France. While we discussed various necessary details Helena and my mother went for a walk.

The telegram recalling Jeffrey to camp that evening for immediate departure came while they were gone; but we did not have an opportunity to tell them about it at once when they came back, for they had news themselves.

Helena said, "My dears, Muriel's home. Came with a nurse and all sorts of things to arrange the baby's nursery. She expects it in two or three weeks now, and plans to have the house opened while she's in the hospital, and bring it right out here."

There was nothing the least strained in Helena's gentle pretty voice. She knew, as she probably would have phrased it, that Muriel and her husband were once "very fond" of each other. But Helena had the gift of accepting facts as they stood. Muriel was married; Jeffrey and she were married. That was that. Not that Helena was either a stupid or a dull woman. She was an entertaining person; she had a quiet gift of humor. Only there was a certain childlike matter-of-factness, a simplicity about her. She made for Jeffrey a good wife, but she never recognized the complexity of his or any one's nature. Probably that made her fortunate.

WHEN she said, "I told Muriel we'd both come over for a visit with her," the most curious expression slid across Jeffrey's face. He looked almost frightened. But he said quietly enough, "I'd love to see her for a few minutes—but I got this wire, and I don't want to take time from you to go calling on any one now."

She said "Oh!" in a frightened little voice when she read the telegram. It was the usual form that, we knew, meant sailing orders. We had seen others like it before.

Jeffrey was to leave for his train immediately after dinner. Mother and I left Helena and him to themselves for the balance of the afternoon, but we all met for cocktails about seven. The drawing-room curtains were not closed, and through the half dusk, across the lawn and Stephen Mills's terraces, we could see lights on in the Mills drawing-room.

I didn't notice them until I saw that Jeffrey was staring at something across the lawn. He said rather abruptly, "We've ten minutes before dinner, haven't we, Helena? I've been thinking that perhaps I should just go say 'how do you do' to Muriel. She might think I'd meant to be rude if she heard afterward that I'd been next door, my last leave, and didn't bother to try to see her."

Helena said, "Yes, she might. You have time if you hurry."

In the next installment Jeffrey, back from the war, settles down to suburban life with Helena. Then suddenly comes a message that Muriel, a widow now, is coming home to the Mills place.

When a good little soldier turns rebel

"No reason at all," you may think, for his outburst of petulance. But, mother . . . perhaps you are wrong.

Childhood's commonest ailment—constipation—often causes these little flare-ups. Your child's habits may *seem* regular—but it is hard to be *sure* his system is cleared each day of poisonous intestinal accumulations.

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The Stewed

(Reading time: 13 minutes 15 seconds.)

SOME time ago a group of us were gossiping along, discussing this and that. Eventually the talk worked around, as sooner or later the talk nearly always does, to the subject of what a fellow eats for breakfast, which naturally led on and on to the topic of food in general—one of the most fascinating and inexhaustible topics in the entire gamut. Long after my gamut is practically bare of everything else, you'll still be able to find a few stray odds and ends of vittles in it. I'm sure of that.

We had with us several of the most distinguished trenchermen of our time. Bob Davis, who always carries the Old New England Cookbook over his heart, was present. Sam Blythe, who at any time would drop national politics and golf, his lesser besetting passions, for borsch soup; and Dean Palmer, author of Around the World with Knife and Fork (large volume with appendix) were sitting together. They were holding hands. They had so much in common.

Anyhow, the company was a distinguished one, and the resulting symposium of views had authority and experience. Finally one gentleman turned to me and put a query.

"You've knocked about the four corners of the earth quite a bit," he said, "and by all accounts have fed pretty steadily as you went. When and where was the best single dish you ever sat down to?"

I told him that offhand I couldn't answer him. I told him I'd have to take the thing under consideration, matters such as these being too weighty and too important for hasty decision. Since then I have at intervals been looking back on the higher spots of my past life, and now at last I am ready to report.

The best single dish I ever ate was a kidney stew. I ate it on a back street in a part of Paris which seemed to be made up exclusively of back streets. The time was the early spring of the year 1918, but the memory of it still is as fresh and fragrant and glorious in my mind as though it had been yesterday.

Four of us, war correspondents accredited to the A. E. F., met on a certain March day about noon. One of the four agreed to pilot us for luncheon to a little boozewah restaurant in a little boozewah hotel which he said he'd stumbled upon more or less by accident. He had returned to it again and again and was now prepared, he said, to vouch for its provender as good provender. Good provender! The man was the sort who would speak of Niagara Falls as being inclined to be damp.

We jammed ourselves into a taxicab and in pidgin French our guide gave the driver an involved address; and the cabby took us there, as is the wont and also the will of Paris taxicabbies, at approximately seventy miles an hour. So we arrived, as it were, almost before we got started. En route we had fair chances to bag two pedestrians—a street cleaner and a postman with a spade beard. The latter, if properly mounted, would have made an especially fine specimen head. But, being overeager and holding directly on his targets instead of leading them by a foot or two, as one should always do in the case of a moving mark, our steersman missed both shots. He seemed so downcast about it that we gave him an augmented tip and wished him better luck next time.

Having arrived, we found ourselves under the dinky marquee of a narrow, ancient, steep-gabled five-story building. We were somewhere behind Notre Dame, for we caught a glimpse of one of its towers through a notch in the skyline of overhanging roofs.

Entering, we were greeted at the door by one who obviously was the head of the establishment—a large broad Frenchman who was doing something in a really notable way for the whisker industry of France and who, after the fashion of large broad Frenchmen when encountered in their homeland, looked larger and broader than really he was. Plainly he was impressed by our displacements and tonnages; he bowed low before us, which gave him the appearance of a man going down for the last time in a raging sea of whiskers.

We were all in uniform—puttees, Sam Browne belts, and the rest of the régalia; and besides, three of us were oversizes. So it may have been he mistook us for brevet brigadiers of our General Staff.

With a flattered air he convoyed us about the ground floor. It was old, that place; it looked old and it smelled old. And was in all respects orthodox. Behind a reception desk in a tiny office opening off the main restaurant,

Every Woman Believes that the Way t

Here's an Impassione

BY IRVIN

Kidneys *of an* Angel

a Man's Heart Is Through His Stomach— Organ Recital to Prove It

S. COBB

which was crowded with neighborhood folks, sat the traditional middle-aged female attendant who has a fleecy mole on her chin and some mysterious knitting work in her lap.

Invariably the mole is a finished product, but the knitting work never is. This lady could also have shown the world a very smart mustache if only she'd let herself go; so, altogether, she fitted into the picture admirably.

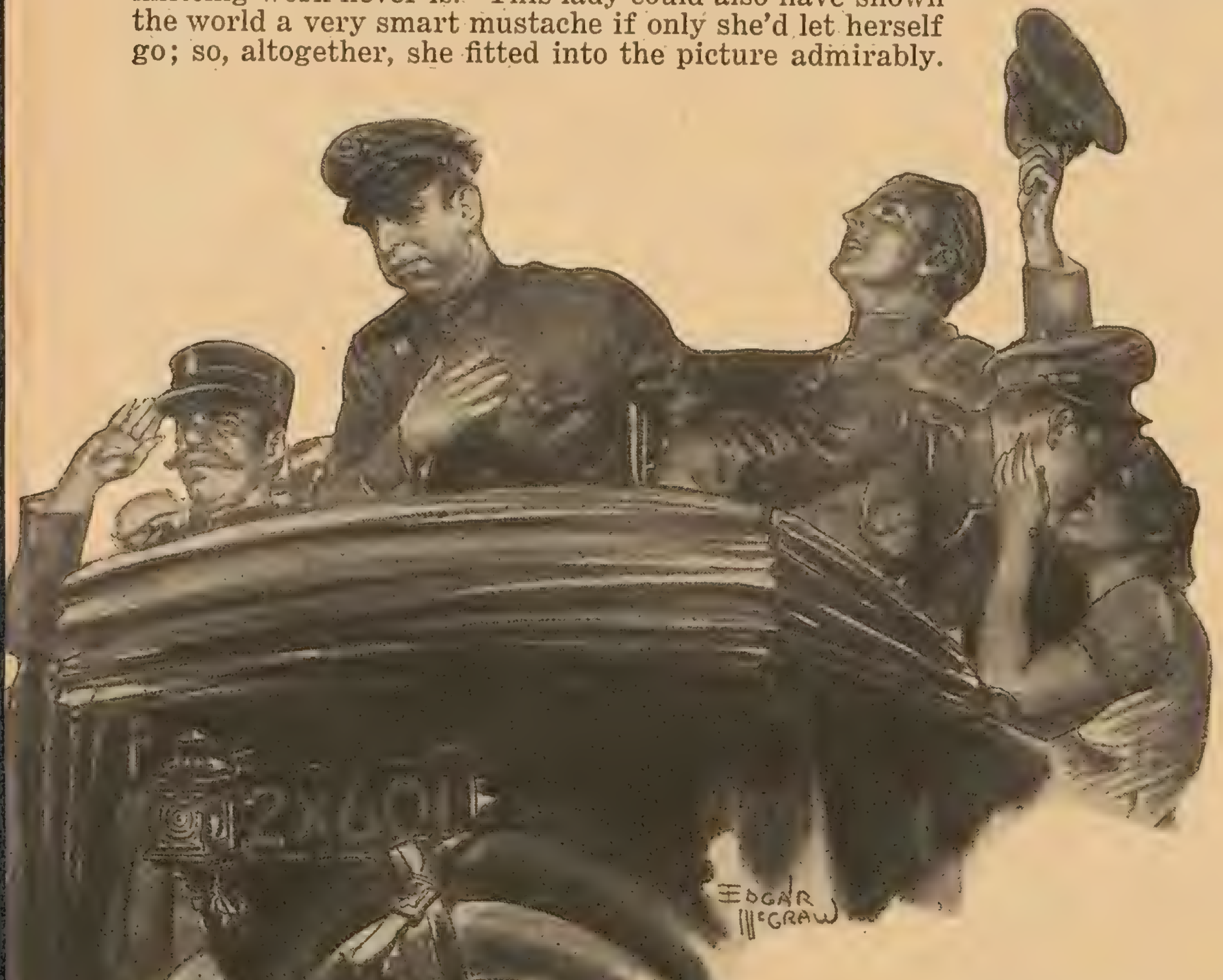

Illustration by
EDGAR MCGRAW

Quick-witted passers-by chimed in. The scene took on the aspect of a Gallic festival, a celebration.

With tremendous pride our host escorted us through a short corridor to view the one crowning stroke of modern improvement — an elevator. There it was, virginally new and shiny and of course safely padlocked against invasion; in fact, complete down to the detail of a small neat signboard affixed to the grillework of the shaft and setting forth that this elevator was out of order. My belief is that when the owner of any small Continental hotel gets ready to put in an elevator, the first thing he does is to have a supply of these signs painted and to hang them up, permanently and conspicuously, one on each level.

Evidently the owner here thought our mass grouping of military splendor was too important to be asked to mingle with the common herd in the ordinary. So leading the way, with almost an incredible velocity he shot up a flight of steep steps with an abrupt angle on it, and ushered us into a small private dining room having the customary adornments of such, including a marble-top table, much-faded red-velvet upholstery, a haunting aroma of mother-of-onion, and on the walls framed crayon likenesses of presumably deceased relatives of the management. I don't believe I ever saw a lot of more deceased-looking relatives. Our host begged that we be seated, signified his intention of doing us the honor personally of waiting upon us instead of intrusting it to an underling, and, after making some passing mention of the excellence of the *table d'hôte* service, inquired what our distinguished pleasure might be.

AH, but no!—that compatriot of ours who had been our guide and now was our interpreter told him. Never mind the regular menu, never mind even the inevitable *hors d'œuvres*. As seasoned visitors, we knew about the *hors d'œuvres* in the average second-rate Parisian restaurant. One has only to glance at today's *hors d'œuvres* to recognize what careful patrons left on their plates at dinner last night. The reason why they have so few garbage collectors in Paris is because they have so many *hors d'œuvres*.

"M'sieur the Proprietor," said the spokesman, spreading it on nice and thick, "across the seas the fame of your incomparable cuisine has reached these my confreres. Who, then, are we, unbidden intruders beneath this hospitable roof, that we should pick and choose? We throw ourselves upon your mercy. One chief dish only do we eat. But that dish, attend you, must be the real dish of the house, its masterpiece, its triumph, its coronal, its ultimate achievement. M'sieur the Proprietor, we are in your hands!"

With his clenched fists to his breast, the proprietor gave a loud glad cry. None other than his wife, and she the queen of all cooks in all the fair realm of France, would cook for us her own specialty! He would build the salad, but Madame the Proprietress would cook the

CHAIN OF CIRCUMSTANCES CONTEST PRIZE WINNERS

WEEK OF SEPTEMBER 30

$50 FIRST PRIZE

Edgar M. A. Hayward
Jefferson City, Mo.

$25 SECOND PRIZE

R. C. Pepperberg, Dallas, Tex.

$15 THIRD PRIZE

F. Wayne Whittaker, Oak Park, Ill.

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

M. S. Cobb, Hot Springs, Ark.

TEN $5 PRIZES

J. Crudgington, Amarillo, Tex.; Helendeen Dodderidge, Lawrence, Kan.; Lesley Dunbar, Foxboro, Mass.; J. W. Hoffman, New Cumberland, Pa.; H. C. Peace, Key West, Fla.; Miss M. E. Peterson, Chicago, Ill.; Henry G. Raab, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Joseph Smith, N. Cambridge, Mass.; Charles K. Taubert, Los Angeles, Calif.; Florence Williams, San Francisco, Calif.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

Albert F. Anderson, Netcong, N. J.; Anne Andrith, Richmond, Va.; John H. Alexander, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Sara Ann Allen, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Victor Bagley, Portland, Ore.; Winona Boissell, Torrington, Conn.; Mrs. F. A. Brookshier, Maxwell, N. M.; Mrs. Anna M. Carpenter, Sioux City, Iowa; Eli W. Collins, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. Lyda Colton, Brewster, Ohio; Walter H. Crouch, Eldorado, Okla.; Lawrence Daniels, Brookline, Mass.; Mrs. R. Danrow, Portland, Ore.; Grace B. Deter, Medford, Ore.; Watson B. Dickerman, New York, N. Y.; Hallie L. Durgin, Portland, Me.

Charles Eagan, Chevy Chase, Md.; Mrs. E. E. Evans, Atascadero, Calif.; Joy M. Evans, Klamath Falls, Ore.; Fern M. Freda, Hammond, Ind.; Elanor H. Gardher, San Diego, Calif.; Kirby E. Gibbs, Dallas, Tex.; Frank H. Hammond, Elgin, Man.; Francis Hays, Santa Barbara, Calif.; Caroline Heppenstall, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Lee Hopkins, Kansas City, Mo.; Ida Hudson, Los Angeles, Calif.; Marion H. Jones, Hartsdale, N. Y.; Marie Keil, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. B. J. Knight, Los Angeles, Calif.; B. Kubisak, Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. J. Lott, Calumet, Mich.

James C. Maloney, Charlestown, Mass.; Albert Momenthy, West Roxbury, Mass.; Willie Mae Morgan, Alpine, Tex.; Dale Norman, San Diego, Calif.; Richard L. Post, San Antonio, Tex.; Mrs. Selina M. Putnam, Johnston, R. I.; E. Ann Reynold, Chicago, Ill.; W. L. Rogers, New Glasgow, N. S.; Evelyn C. Ruhkala, Rocklin, Calif.; Doyle Schell, Martinsburg, W. Va.; Royce Schwarzwalder, Logansport, Ind.; Mary E. Stelling, Winter Park, Fla.; Mrs. Marie Stevenson, Chicago, Ill.; D. D. Stuart, Dayton, Ohio; John Tracey, Santa Barbara, Calif.; John G. Veatch, Coraopolis, Pa.; E. Watson, Houston, Tex.; Charles W. Yeager, Jr., Detroit, Mich.

dish! Thus, at the top of his voice, with all his landscaping effects crackling rapidly and throwing off little electric sparks, he told us. He then projected himself violently across the salon and with loud crashing sounds fell downstairs, at the same time shouting confused orders to some one below. At the moment we felt alarm for his safety. Later we were to find out that falling downstairs appeared to be the regular mode of descent in this picturesque *maison.*

Anon he fell back upstairs—he could with equal ease go into reverse, as already we had observed—bringing table napery, plated ware, bread, butter. Anon he again hurtled below and immediately returned bearing a bottle of what proved to be a most superior vintage of Bordeaux. Then once more he fell downstairs, first begging us to be patient and await results. With his palms pressed to his bosom, he pledged us that our patience shortly would have its reward.

Which it most certainly did!

Pretty soon there came stealing up from beneath a *Smell.* I have not in my vocabulary the language with which appropriately to describe it. It had in it hints, prospects, promises, portents, and auguries. On it alone you could have fed a poor family and have had enough left over for the family dog. In it, subtly mated, gloriously blent into one intoxicating entirety, yet somehow individualized and distinct, were various component elements—whiffs as of spices and pepper and molten butter and red wine and eke white wine, and, crowning all else, a whiff of garlic, but only the merest whiff, as though the ghost of some estimable garlic had flitted across a kitchen and, hovering above a hot stove, swiftly fluttered its filmy wings.

It floated up the stairwell, that never-sufficiently-to-be-praised smell. It invaded and pervaded the atmosphere of the nook where we sat. It soothed our senses even while it fevered our palates. Speaking for myself, I may state that my mouth watered until I no longer could control my own riparian rights.

WHEN we no longer were gentlemen but famished and ravening mammals, we realized that the anticipatory perfume was drawing nigh, was mounting in strengthened volume. And now we heard the sound of nearing footsteps. Next, haloed about by eddies of smoke and by gusts of an invisible but tangible radiance, our smiling host reappeared, bearing a great tureenlike vessel which with a grand manner he deposited before the clamoring quartet of us, the chosen objects of his beneficences.

Of the steamy simmering contents his grateful guests now partook and kept on partaking until that bowl was drained to the dregs. And even the dregs had their manifold attractions. It was, in brief, a kidney stew. But that bald statement conveys no adequate idea of the true merits of the compound. The several kidneys which had entered basically into this proposition could not have been the ordinary sheep's kidneys of commerce or even extraordinary sheeps' kidneys. They must have been, to begin with, of an angelic character and source; and all their natural and inherent goodnesses had been brought out and intensified by masterly treatment with heat and loving hands; and finally, they had been laved in a sauce too flavory, too savory, too idyllic, too ethereal for mortal words to tell of. I recall dreamily sopping up the last of that heavenly gravy with a knuckle of bread crust. I recall unashamedly licking my eight fingers and my two thumbs. I recall settling back into my red-plush surroundings sated, pleasantly torpid, at peace with all the world, feeling like a python at the zoo which has just absorbed a whole flock of pigeons.

FROM my three gorged companions issued low simmers of content and joy. Not one of us felt like singing, but all, I am sure, felt like humming some lullaby of childhood. We entertained no qualms regarding the after effects, if any, of our overindulgence, because something told us that stew would keep on tasting mighty fine even if it disagreed with us.

All at once we were aware that the head of the house stood among us. For all I know to the contrary, he may have been standing there all the while. Busied as I just had been, I must have suggested to him, did he linger behind me during the meal, a rear view of a snare drummer playing The Stars and Stripes Forever.

Bowing low and beaming through the boscage, he inquired if his offering had met with our august approval. One and all we emerged from the happy coma which threatened to envelop us and demanded of him that he produce before us the empress who had concocted the feast.

He withdrew by the usual swift and headlong method, and not more than a half minute passed before he returned, accompanied by an enormous smiling dark lady who, like him, had the power to defy the laws of gravity by tumbling up a steep and crooked incline. How she did it I shall never know. You would look at her in the mass and then you would glance down that stairwell and say to yourself, "Well, maybe the lady *can* get through this hole—but she'll have to make two trips!"

A vast mountain of bulk, she paused on the threshold, flushing with pleasure and, I suspect, embarrassment.

I found myself being thrust forward as the one tacitly chosen to voice our appreciation. I sloshed about in my mind, among such fragments of faulty French as I possessed, for a suitable tribute—a tribute which I might express without getting beyond my linguistic depths. Ah—now I had it! An adaptation of what another under somewhat similar impulses once upon a time had said.

While I was uttering it I was hoping that in her tongue, as in mine, the paraphrase might still have the same mildly naughty double significance.

"Madame," I said, "speaking for myself, I speak for all here. Madame," I said, "your kidneys have touched my heart!"

Possibly the barbarous accenting and the faulty syntax momentarily confused her as to my meaning. But only for a moment. Came the dawn of understanding. Came then the full sunburst. She gave vent to a great strangled gurgling outcry of sheer delight. Her husband joined in.

He kissed Madame. Madame kissed him. In turn then she seized upon each of us and each she kissed on both cheeks. With some difficulty we dissuaded M'sieur the Proprietor from kissing us. We felt that already he'd done quite enough for us.

Tightly embraced, the overcome pair now achieved the utterly impossible by together falling down a flight of stairs wide enough only for one to fall down, and as they clatteringly shot below, we heard, between bumps and thumps, both of them proclaiming in clarion tones that His Excellency the *gross plus* American general said her, Madame's, kidneys had touched his heart!

WE heard the customers on the ground floor catching up the saying. On the instant it became a slogan, a motto—if you will, a shibboleth. The choraled refrain rang out in the street, bringing in quick-witted passers-by who immediately chimed in. Butchers, bakers, coachmen, shopkeepers, loafers, gendarmes, marketmen, hucksters—they all chimed in. The scene took on the aspect of a Gallic festival, a holiday, a celebration.

The chanted sentence, as whooped out from fifty throats at once, hailed us when we filed down the steps. It rang forth as a welcome and some time later as a farewell when, by hired hack, we reluctantly departed. It followed us in gladsome reverberations from a cheering, cap-waving, jubilant crowd as we drove away bound for the district of the boulevards with their noble cafés where they might have rich hangings bestowed and Old Masters displayed, but in no one of their kitchens could they have such an Old Mistress as the one we just now had left behind us where she poised elephantically on the curbing, blowing kisses of good-by.

So that will be about all for the best single dish I ever ate. No, it won't, either. There's just one bit more I should add:

A member of the party, faring into that favored quarter a few days later, came back with the news that, spread in tall letters on a signboard across the front of that little hotel, he had seen this line:

Madame's Kidneys Will Touch Your Heart!

And, believe me, if she's still there, doing business at the old stand, they will!

THE END

"... she had
STOMACH
TROUBLE
... slept
very poorly"

—*states* DR. OTTO KALISCHER *of Berlin*

"WOMAN—45 years old. Stomach trouble. Irregular evacuations. Slept poorly. Suffered from tiredness, headaches, giddiness . . . Examination showed chronic auto-intoxication. I ordered her to abandon all purgatives—eat yeast.*

"Improvement was rapid. *All traces of her former symptoms disappeared.*"

PROF. DR. KALISCHER, who describes the above case, is famous for his lectures in the Physiological Institute, University of Berlin. During the War he headed an important hospital for nervous disorders. He states:

"Many nervous diseases are the direct result of constipation. The same is often true of appendicitis, liver diseases and disorders of women . . . as well as headache, depression, loss of energy.

"Happily we have a remedy which corrects constipation without being purgative or habit-forming. *I refer to yeast.*"

If poisons are in your blood, restful sleep is impossible. Tiredness follows . . . indigestion. Headaches, colds multiply.

Fresh yeast "tones" both stomach and intestines—purifies. And when your body is freed of wastes daily, you feel so well!

Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day. You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains and directions are on the label. Start to eat it now!

"It was just the thing that I needed—!"

"I was teaching school," *writes* Mrs. Herbert Fredericks *of Staten Island, N. Y.*, "and taking care of my daughter—two jobs in one. I felt exhausted. Then—headaches, indigestion! . . . Remembering my doctor's previous advice, I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast. It cleared away my sluggishness. I felt much stronger. Headaches and indigestion are gone!"

***IMPORTANT!**

Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G and D—the kind famous doctors recommend.

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The Empty

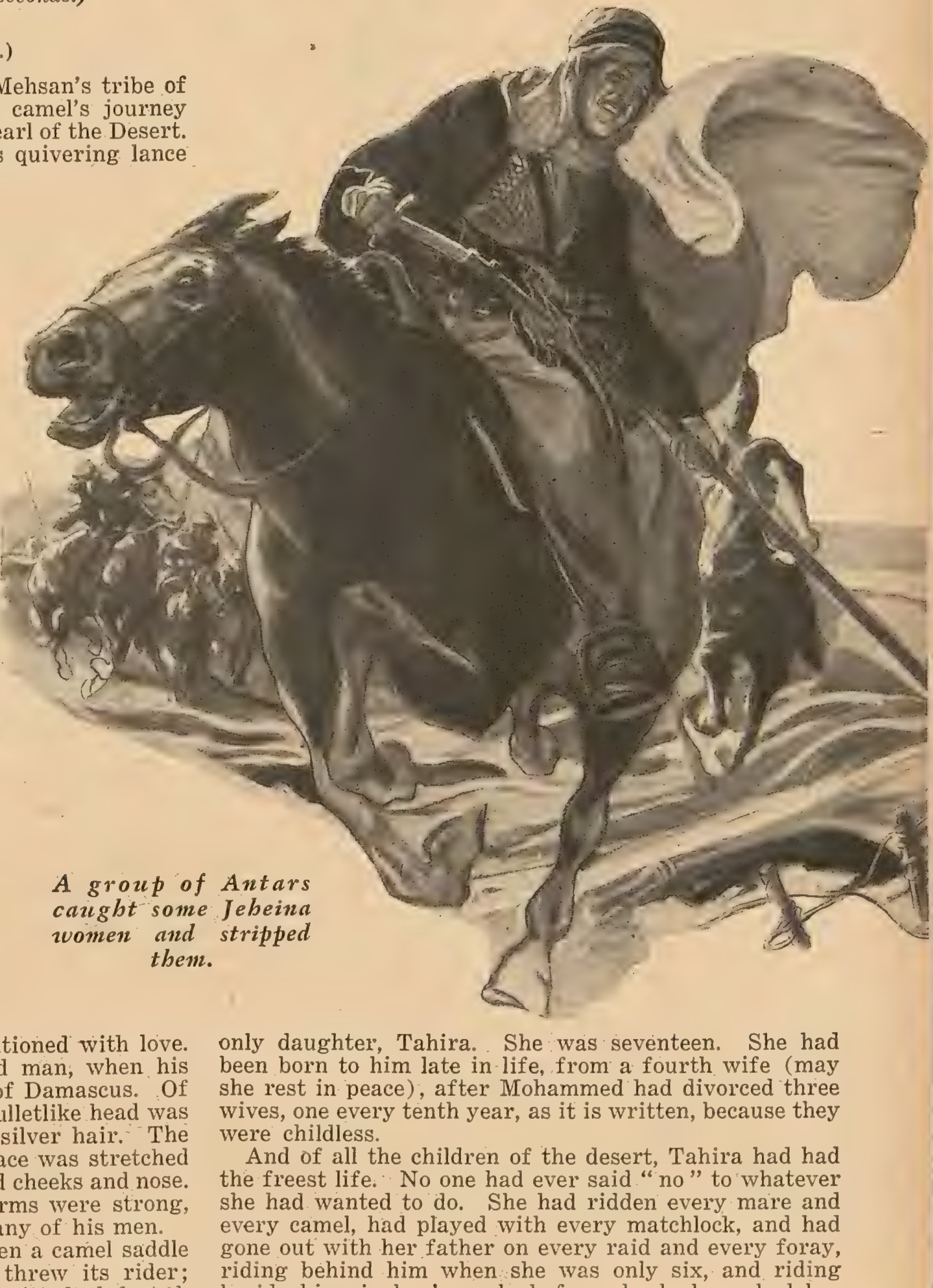
(Reading time: 32 minutes 35 seconds.)

Ana shebaan min umry.
(I have had my fill of life.)

THAT spring morning Mohammed Mehsan's tribe of Antar Arabs made camp a short camel's journey from the gates of Damascus, the Pearl of the Desert. An hour after the sheik had stuck his quivering lance into the soft sand, two hundred tents of camel cloth, dyed in all the hues of the rainbow, had risen in a wide circle around the large black tent of the chief, and two hundred small fires were burning under the cooking pots of the tribe. The women, barefooted, and bare from the waist up, were tending the fires, while the men and boys were driving the camels and the horses to forage in the clumps of low grass that had sprung up on the sand after the rains.

They were a lusty tribe, Mehsan's Antars. The men were tall, well haired, strong-limbed, and loud-voiced, and the women were small and lithe and spoke in a singsong voice that sounded like the chittering of birds. The children of the tribe hopped about like so many hairless young goats.

Ah! These children of the Antars! They ate from all the cooking pots. They dipped their dirty fingers into the steaming kettles when the women had their backs turned, and ran away screaming like wild pheasants while the women who had been robbed cursed them and their ancestors, and the men threw sticks at the thieves and roared their approval of their always hungry and fleet-footed offspring.



A group of Antars caught some Jeheina women and stripped them.

They were a happy lot, the Antars, and made happier by the wisdom of their old sheik, Mohammed Mehsan; may his name always be mentioned with love.

Mehsan was an old man, a very old man, when his tribe camped that spring at the gates of Damascus. Of years he had seen ninety. His round bulletlike head was covered with a woolly crown of curly silver hair. The wind-bitten, sun-scorched skin of his face was stretched like old parchment over his forehead and cheeks and nose. But his eyes were still good and his arms were strong, and he was taller and straighter than any of his men.

And he always laughed—laughed when a camel saddle worked loose; laughed when a horse threw its rider; and laughed even when they were outwitted, defeated, and robbed by other Arabs, as it occasionally happened.

And when his men became too saintly, after listening to some wandering loud-mouthed half-naked Wahabi preacher, he called them to his *beyth*, the big tent of the chief, and said:

"*Khitab.* It is written: 'And you shall be responsible to Allah for the joys you have not taken in life.'"

And then he offered them coffee and called the women in to dance, to laugh, and to sing, and did not allow them to leave until all of them had done everything Wahabi preachers had told them not to do. Such was Mohammed Mehsan.

And of women there was only one in Mehsan's tent, his only daughter, Tahira. She was seventeen. She had been born to him late in life, from a fourth wife (may she rest in peace), after Mohammed had divorced three wives, one every tenth year, as it is written, because they were childless.

And of all the children of the desert, Tahira had had the freest life. No one had ever said "no" to whatever she had wanted to do. She had ridden every mare and every camel, had played with every matchlock, and had gone out with her father on every raid and every foray, riding behind him when she was only six, and riding beside him, in boy's garb, before she had reached her twelfth year.

And every one of her people returning from Bagdad, from Aleppo, or Damascus had brought something for Tahira. She had so many strings of jewels, pearls, rubies, and baubles of every color that on holidays she danced before the men and the women, in her father's *beyth*, covered with them, string after string, from her belt to her neck and from her knees to her ankles. And her golden-brown arms were always covered with chains of silver and gold coin from her armpits to her wrists.

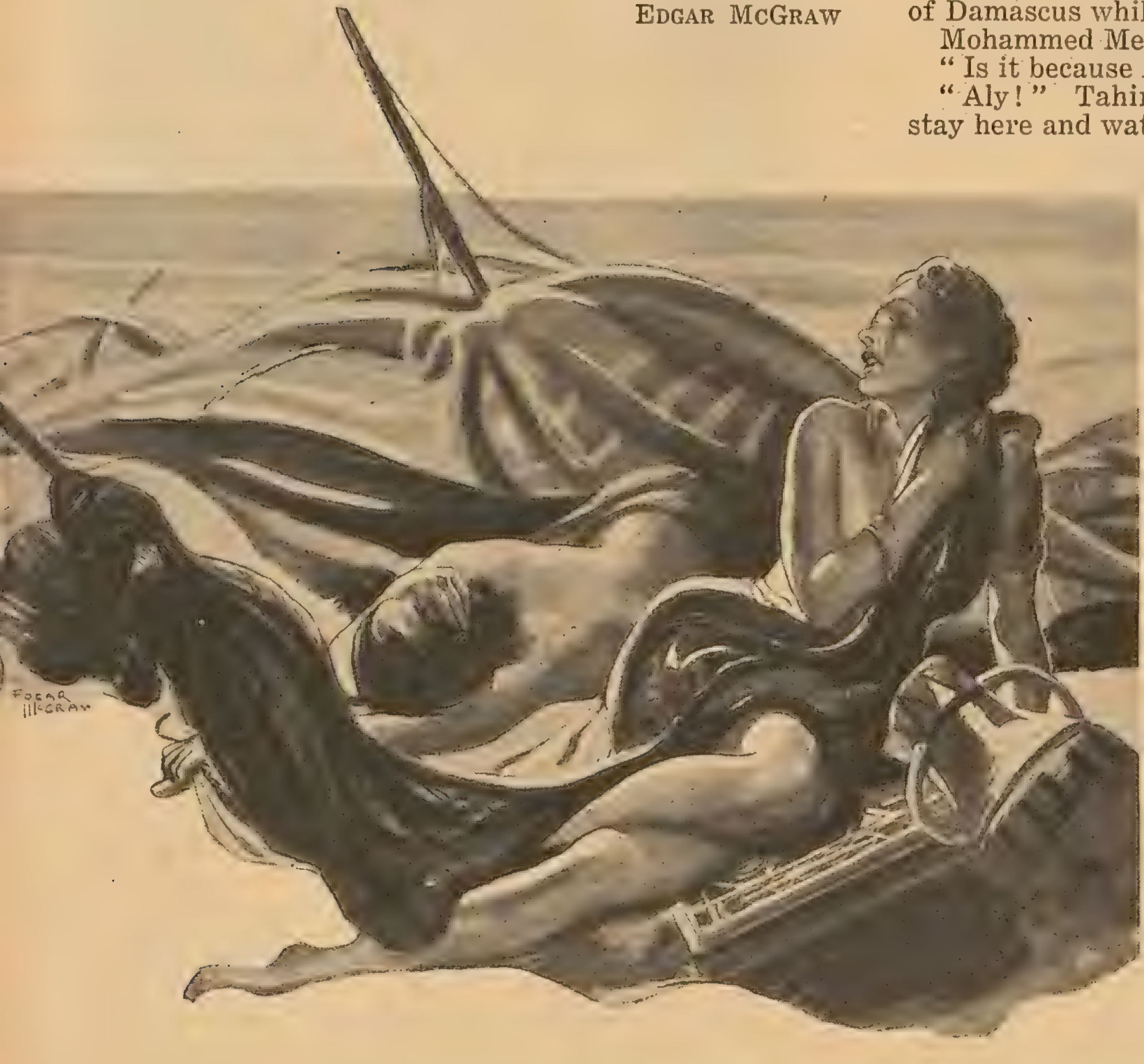
That sundown all the men gathered outside Mohammed Mehsan's tent to listen to the cry of the muezzin calling to prayers from the tower of the old mosque of Damascus.

Desert Tent

A Flaming Tale of Arab Love and a Hate that Burned with Equal Intensity

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

Illustrations by
EDGAR McGRAW



With God's will, they would be there, in Damascus, the following evening. *La illah ilaha Mohammed Rassul Allah* (God is God and Mohammed is His only prophet).

The prayers ended, Mohammed Mehsan rose to his feet. Then they all rose, faced the east for a moment, and departed in quiet groups, each to his own *beyth,* to gather the children, to eat, and to roll themselves in their blankets, their eyes to the shepherd moon raising its head over the flocks of fleecy clouds gathering below the blue skies streaked with the smothered red flames of the setting sun.

Mohammed Mehsan looked at his daughter with pleased and admiring eyes. One daughter, true, but better than two could possibly have been. Beautiful, full-bosomed, full-lipped, wide-eyed, strongly limbed, and with a voice as limpid as a brook in the spring. Allah had given him no sons. *La Inshallah* (Such was His will). Mehsan pretended he was sleepy. He closed his eyes. She ruffled his hair. The daughter of no other Arab would have dared to do that to her father. He scolded her. She laughed and sat down beside him on the couch of soft rugs bedded on a row of camel saddles.

"Do you want me to bring you glass beads from Damascus?" he asked.

"Bring me!" she cried, jumping to her feet. "I want to choose them myself."

"You will stay with the hareem, with the women in the menzil, while the men are away. Some one has to remain here of my household. The Jeheina, our enemies, are in the neighborhood."

"*Wellah!* I have ridden with the men to battle while the hareem watched the tents. I will go to the bazaars of Damascus while the hareem are watching the menzil."

Mohammed Mehsan asked slyly:

"Is it because Aly has asked you to ride by his side?"

"Aly!" Tahira spat with scorn. "Aly wants me to stay here and watch the cooking pots. He does not want me to join the men on raids, on *rahlas,* nor at the markets in the bazaars."

After a while Mohammed Mehsan, closing his eyes, spoke as if to himself:

"May the Lord forgive me, Tahira. You are the light of my eyes. You will come with us."

Tahira kissed him on the forehead and skipped out of the tent.

ALY was waiting to speak to her. Some twenty other young couples were sitting on their heels, or lying down, heels up, on their elbows, talking to each other, laughing, singing soft and mellow songs, and saying sweet nothings to each other. Aly—his white cloak thrown over his shoulders, freshly combed, and in his best clothes; Aly, the dandy of the tribe; Aly, who, when water was scarce, used his last drinking drops to wash his face and wet his hair—Aly took Tahira's hand in his and said:

"Let's go a little farther. I want to talk to you."

She freed her hand.

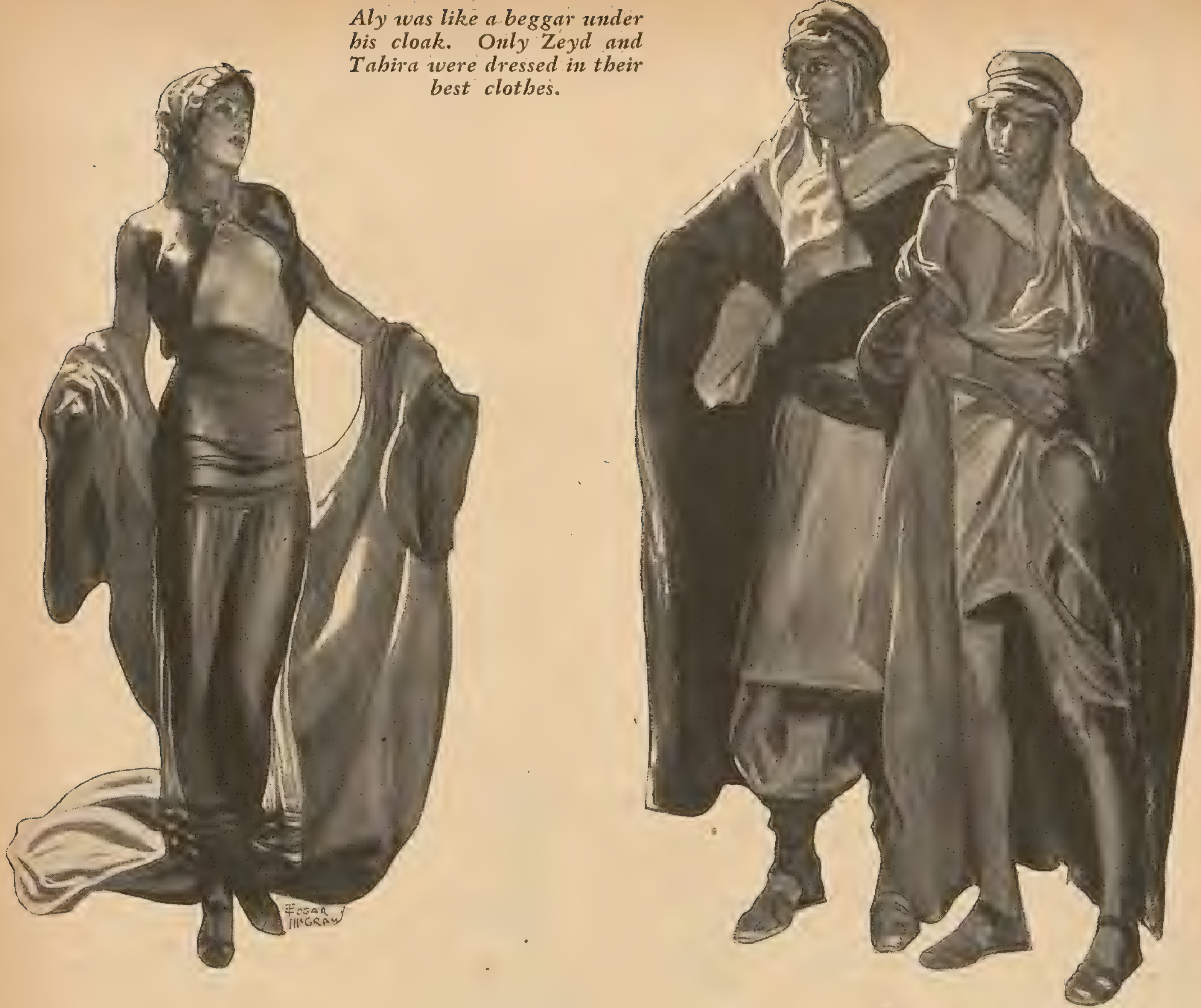
"The back of my father's tent is far enough for me."

"*Ya habiby,* oh, my beloved, don't shame me before the men. I have said you would not go to Damascus," he pleaded, taking her hand again into his.

"*Ya habiby,* oh, my beloved," she mimicked him, "and I have said to the women that I will go, and that I will ride the Nejd black mare for which my father has brought a copper-studded saddle in Yemen. And now, *ya habiby,* when you know that, will you still call me your beloved?"

Aly was the son of a sheik from another tribe. He had come to live with the Antars because of his love for Tahira. In his tribe even the daughter of sheiks obeyed their menfolk without questioning.

After she had mocked him to his face, Aly continued to sit beside her. Had she been ten times more beautiful he would have told her that all was over between them. But she was the only daughter of Mohammed Mehsan. Aly's older brother was the sheik of his tribe. And Aly wanted to inherit, through Tahira, the chieftainship of



Aly was like a beggar under his cloak. Only Zeyd and Tahira were dressed in their best clothes.

the Antars. Mohammed was an old man. May God give him long life. Still, a man doesn't live forever.

That thought that crossed Aly's mind rang out of his skull and made itself heard by Tahira. An icelike tremor drilled itself through her shivering body. She was not enough for a man. Without the dowry of a chieftainship she was like a starless and moonless night, like a well without water, like a morning without sunshine.

Humbled, humiliated, she was about to cry out that Aly have his way, that she would not go to Damascus, when another quiver passed through her and awakened her Antar blood. She was Tahira, not Sheik Mohammed Mehsan's daughter, but Tahira, Tahira herself, the daughter of the desert, of Antars free and strong.

Aly knew what she thought at that moment. When she rose he made no attempt to hold her. Tomorrow and the day after he would hide his thoughts under the sound of loud laughter and hollow but loud words of praise. After they were married the wife of Sheik Aly Benduck would be the tamest of all the women. *Khitab.* It is written: "As the wife of the sheik, so the other women. She has as many followers in a menzil as there are tents in the tribe."

The following morning, an hour after sunrise, the Antars, on horse, assembled without Mohammed Mehsan's tent. Tahira was standing beside her father, her own and her father's horses being tethered to the rope of the tent. Aly helped her and then her father to the saddle. They were all so happy. "*Inshallah!*" Mohammed Mehsan called out, digging his heels into his black mare. "*Inshallah* [God's will]!" the men answered, rearing their mounts. They were off. They were on their way to Damascus. The womenfolk ran after them and hung on to the legs of the men to remind them what they wanted from the bazaars. Pieces of cloth. Hemp ropes for camel halters. And beads. Beads. Beads.

They called after their men as long as they could see them through the clouds of sand raised by the high-stepping hoofs of their horses.

WHEN they could see only the tops of their own tents, for they had camped in a wadi (an old river bed) and the road to Damascus was upward, Aly maneuvered his horse so that Tahira should ride between him and her father. She was the only woman among two hundred men. Only the oldest men and the youngest boys had remained in the menzil. And now the men chided Aly as they rode past him.

"You said she wouldn't come."

They were great teasers, the Antars. A little later they all sang the virtues of their enemies.

"The Antars have only strong enemies."

"Our enemies roam the desert from Nejd to Yemen."

"Five thousand they were, the Neroufs. The desert trembled with the weight of their horses. We drove them off into the rocks of Subai."

"Ai, we are Antars."

"And now Zeyd is the sheik of our enemies, the Jeheina Bedouins. He is young. His eyes have the sight of an eagle. His voice carries like thunder. He is so tall he stops his horse on the run by digging his heels into the sand. Ninety years old is our sheik, Mohammed Mehsan, and he shall lead us yet to battle with Zeyd."

"Ai, we are Antars. Mohammed Mehsan's Antars.

Battle is for men. Victory is to the Lord. *Inshallah* [Such is the will of Allah]!"

Riding and singing they reached the gates of El Shan and entered Damascus before the noon hour. Leading their horses by the bit, they entered the narrow cobblestoned streets, spreading out fanwise from the gates of the old city, and stopped to look at the things shown by the merchants squatting on their heels before their stalls. When they were tired of spending their silver on nothings they watched some tumblers spread their rug on the stones of the street to do their tricks. And when the tumblers had gone to another street, they turned to look after a pasha's veiled wives being escorted to the baths by beardless and half-naked black eunuchs with stout sticks in their enormous fists and crying "*Jogur, sheytans* [Make place, you heathen]!" And many were the jeers and the loud curses as sticks fell upon the backs of those who had not gone out of the way quickly enough.

And then Tahira turned to her father.

"Let us go back to the desert."

HER blood curdled to see men bending their backs under the blows of the eunuchs. The Damascenes weren't Arabs at all. The odor of the city stifled her. She had been happy buying baubles and beads and hadn't noticed the smell of the donkeys and camels and horses, and the acrid odor of the sweat of the men squirming between horses' legs and jumping over sleeping camels, until the eunuchs had passed by.

Mohammed Mehsan smiled in his beard. He had never loved Tahira as much. And for the first time he wondered whether there wasn't somewhere a more worthy man to father his daughter's children than Aly, the youngest son of his best friend, and wondered whether the desert held a man worthy of her.

They were out of the gates of El Shan, the Antars, and had not broken bread with the city. They had come to Damascus with the sun at their backs; they were riding home with the sun at their backs.

Tahira was setting the pace. Her father and Aly were behind her. The rest of the tribe followed in a straggling wide line behind them. Whenever Aly or her father tried to join her, she sank her spurs deeper into the flanks of her Nejd mare and threw herself ahead of them. She wanted to be alone. Her mind was clouded with the thoughts Aly had stirred in her the night before, and with what she had seen in Damascus. She wondered what Aly would have done had a eunuch's stick fallen on his back. She knew what her father would have done. She knew what she would have done: She would have cut him down with her dagger. She would have torn his throat with her teeth. And that Zeyd whose praises her people had been singing, that Zeyd so tall

OH, JERRY YOU'VE BROUGHT HOME ANOTHER COLD!

Most families have a COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLE . . . is there one in your home?

"COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLE"—a person who is always picking up colds and carrying them home to others—a person whose colds hang on and on—who has four or more bad colds a year. Is there one in your home, Mother?

If so, here's comforting news for you. There's real help for every Colds-Susceptible in Vicks Plan for better Control of Colds. In thousands of clinical tests, Vicks Plan has helped to end colds sooner—to prevent many colds altogether.

Give your family this better *control* of colds this winter—follow Vicks Plan. Briefly, the pictures below tell you how. For full description of Vicks Plan, and its simple rules of health, see the folder in each Vicks package.

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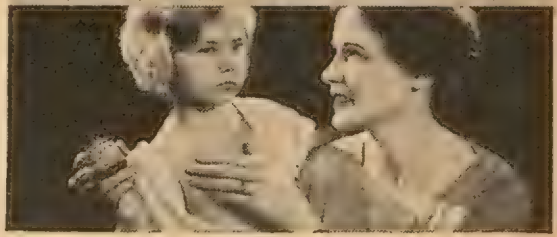
At that first nasal stuffiness or warning sign—quick!—Vicks Nose & Throat Drops, the amazing new aid in *preventing* colds. The Drops promptly soothe irritation. They stimulate the cold-fighting functions of the nose. They help Nature "throw off" infection. They stop many colds before they develop.

To END a cold sooner—use Vicks VapoRub



If a cold has developed, just massage the throat and chest at bedtime with Vicks VapoRub—the modern way of *treating* colds. Its poultice action "draws out" soreness. Its clearing vapors are inhaled direct to irritated air-passages. All through the night, this poultice-vapor action works to relieve the cold.

VICKS *specialists in* CONTROL OF COLDS

and strong he stopped a horse in full run by digging his heels into the sand, what would he have done?

The sight of the top of her father's high tent filled her heart with joy. The menzil. She dug her heels into the mare's flank. The menzil. The tents of free Arabs. Her own tent. The sweet air. The wide stretch of desert. The generous width of the blue skies. She would never again enter Damascus.

Aly reached her side, and taking hold of her saddle to steady his own horse, he said:

“Are you running away from me?”

She turned her face toward him and in a melting voice she answered:

“*Ya habiby,* oh, my beloved, I am only more anxious to reach our tents than you are. The sight of them fills my heart with joy.”

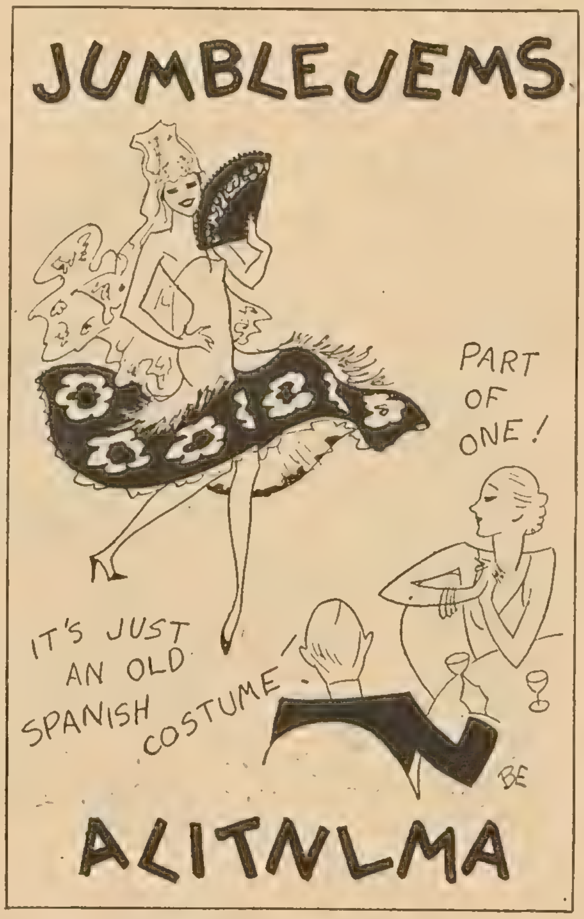
He did not know what to say. *Wellah!* There is no understanding of women. The night before she would have shed her blood to go to Damascus.

“And the beads and the baubles you have bought, do you like them?” he asked.

“I have strewn them over the desert,” she answered.

Wellah! There is no understanding of women. She had ridden to Damascus to buy beads and baubles and had strewn them in the desert sand on the way homeward. He had been in Damascus frequently and had become so accustomed to seeing eunuchs plying their sticks over the backs of jeering men that the spectacle no longer amused him.

Suddenly Tahira stopped. From afar the menzil, the tent village, looked as if a storm had passed through it. Most of the tents were down altogether and flopped in the sand like huge colored serpents. Only a few leaned forward straining on the back ropes. Only her father's tent still stood upright and untouched.



The jumbled letters at the bottom of the picture form a real word when put together in the proper order. A clue to the word will be found in the conversation of the people in the picture. The unjumbled word will be found on page 46.

The Antar women ran to and fro, wringing their hands and screaming, “*Aman, aman* [Woe, woe]!” And now, when they saw Tahira, Mohammed Mehsan, and their menfolk, they ran to meet them, all talking and screaming imprecations against the wild Jeheina.

“They have passed through our camp like a storm of devils.”

“They cut the ropes of our tents, slashing at them on the run with their swords and scimitars.”

“Seven times they passed back and forth, trampling everything and slashing at our tents, hurting no one and taking nothing—not a sheep, not a horse, nor a camel.”

“*Wellah,* that Zeyd is seven feet tall and his voice is like thunder and his teeth like those of a wolf!” a young woman cried, looking at Tahira and at Aly.

WHILE the women and the old men and the children tried to tell what had happened, Tahira saw from afar two naked bodies glistening in the setting sun behind the camels they were driving into the camp.

Amazed, stunned, they all listened to what had happened to these two. They were man and wife. They had been married only the month before and were wont to wander off by themselves, to graze their cattle. The Jeheina Arabs had fallen upon them, had stripped them naked, and with their clothes on the tips of their lances they had ridden off without hurting them, without taking a horse or a camel from them.

Mohammed Mehsan looked at his own men, at Aly, and his daughter, then rode silently to his own tent, followed by the women and the men.

At the entrance to his tent he dismounted and said:

“Put up your tents before the hour of prayer and rest until the break of day.”

Tahira looked at her father, who was plucking at his long white beard.

Wellah! He was an old man. A very old man. The humiliation he had suffered had curdled his blood even as sudden heat curdles the milk of the camel. Were he not an old man he would have pursued his enemy immediately. He was no Wahabi saint. A year before, the hour of prayer would not have stopped him from pursuing his enemies. She heard him sigh deeply as he lay down on his couch. And there was much understanding between father and daughter. She knew what he was thinking at that moment. If only Allah had given him a son instead of a daughter—a son worthy of his blood. Aly was still a stranger. Mohammed Mehsan was sheik. And he was a very old man.

AND now Zeyd would ride through the desert with the clothes of her people on the tip of his lance. On the morrow the Jeheina Arabs, with Zeyd at their head, would ride from Bedouin camp to Bedouin camp to tell how they had humiliated the Mehsans. Mehsan's Antars. How they had slashed the tents and undressed the women and the men. *Wellah!* Ere the month was over the whole desert would ring with the tale. And when she, Tahira, and her people would ride by some friendly camp, some wag would make a serious face and lift her cloak to see whether she were clothed underneath. And desert merchants, riding on donkeys, would be sent to them from everywhere to sell them cloth for their naked women. *Wellah!* And her father was an old man, or he would have led his men in pursuit and not sent them to make their prayers.

At that moment her father rose halfway from his couch and fell back. She ran toward him. He opened his eyes wide and looked at her fixedly. Then he asked for his white death shroud that had been made for him in his seventieth year by his third wife. When Tahira had handed it to him, he told her to call the people to his *beyth.* When the Antars trooped in, their sheik was as white as a piece of limestone and lying on his back garbed in his shroud.

Wellah! He was an old man. Tahira was at his side. Aly was at her right shoulder. The old sheik reached out a slow hand toward a Damascus blade curved like a moon sickle. The golden hilt was studded with precious stones. That scimitar was the insignia of his chieftainship. It had been handed to him by his father on his deathbed. And his father had received it from his father on his deathbed. Mohammed Mehsan held it before his eyes for a while, then, putting it in the hand of his daughter, he said:

“*Ana shebaan min umry* [I have had my fill of life]. *Inshallah* [Such is the will of the Lord]!”

He closed his eyes. His body quivered like a taut tent rope that is cut off suddenly.

And *wellah!* Mohammed Mehsan was no more. *Khitab!* It is written: “Weep not for the dead. They abide with the Lord.”

The Antars filed out of the tent. Tahira, still holding the scimitar in her hand, walked out after them. Aly followed her and sat beside her silently seven paces away from the farthest peg that held the sheikly *beyth* to the ground.

When the sun was gone, seven men rolled the dead Mohammed Mehsan into all his clothing, cut down the ropes of his tent, rolled him into the black camel-hair cloth that had been his home, wound the ropes round and round, and loading the whole upon two camels tied side to side, they departed an hour's distance to bury him seven feet deep in the sand. *Khitab!* As it is written!

When the men returned from the burial they found Tahira still sitting on the ground beside Aly, and looking vaguely at the emptiness that had been her home since she was born: Her father's couch upon camels' saddles; her own rug couch at the farther end; the empty cooking pot on the cold fire stones; her father's trunk; her own yellow-painted trunk; the rugs on the ground; her father's long-barreled matchlock, and his two naked swords on the prayer rug; the tent pegs driven sideways into the sand.

She sprang to her feet.

Wellah! The men were dragging another tent to replace the one in which they had buried Mohammed Mehsan.

"Take that tent away," she ordered. "I shall sleep in the open until I have taken Zeyd's own tent from over him and stretched it over these pegs. My father ordered you to rest until daybreak. Do as you were told. In the morning come to me on your horses." And turning to Aly she added, "And you too, Aly."

WHEN they had all gone, she mourned her old father. It was forbidden to accuse men for what the Lord had done. Yet she couldn't, may Allah forgive her, dismiss the thought from her mind that the humiliation had hastened her father's death. Had Zeyd's men killed one of his men, Mohammed Mehsan would have ridden at the head of his men to the end of the desert—as he had done years ago when Zeyd's father was still the sheik of the Jeheina Bedouins. *Wellah!* She would avenge the humiliation of her people. Her father had trusted her and, like a true Moslem, he had died without telling her what she should do after he was no more. He had put the scimitar in her hands when the hour had come.

In the morning her men were waiting on their horses. She leaped to the saddle. Aly rode beside her.

The desert was alive with Zeyd's exploit. Bedouins coming from the opposite direction greeted the Antars with mock humility, but seeing the naked scimitar dangling on the right of Tahira's saddle, they bowed their heads and said, "May Allah have mercy on his soul."

An hour later the Antars were greeted with loud laughter by camel herders lying on the hot sand outside the low goatskin tents of a tribe of Nerouf Bedouins—the lowliest Bedouins from Damascus to Medina Sahib. The Nerouf Bedouins, too, stopped their laughter when they noticed the scimitar dangling on Tahira's saddle. That weapon was known all over the desert.

The Antars rested and watered their horses at that menzil, and the Bedouins inquired whether it was true that fifty Antar women and fifty Antar men had been stripped naked by the Jeheina.

And there was no trace of Zeyd and his people. They had taken down their tents and gone northward, off the frequented road that leads to Mecca.

Before nightfall Tahira swung her horse homeward. The Antar women and the children and the old men were still awake and sitting watch at the fires when she returned with her men.

Jeheina Bedouins had been seen roaming in the neighborhood of that menzil.

She looked at her people. What did they expect her to do? And then her heart sank. For instead of being dressed cleanly, in their best clothes, as she had left them in the morning, they wore their oldest rags under their cloaks—as if they were Nerouf Bedouins and not Antars.

"And in those vile rags, ill-smelling and torn, unfit to hold the dung of cattle, you have prayed to the Lord!" she cried.

Aye, the Jeheina would ride over the face of the desert with her people's clothes on the tips of their lances.

The tale would spread that the Antars wore filthy and ill-smelling rags in fear of them. Before another

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!
She worries over a gray hair . . .
Never thinks of her Teeth and Gums
and she has . . . .
"Pink tooth brush"!

NOBODY else would ever know she had a gray hair! Scarcely anyone, however, can glance at her without noticing how gray her teeth look—how dingy and dull.

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"Pink" upon your tooth brush threatens the sparkle and soundness of your teeth—the charm of your smile!

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Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, massage a little more Ipana directly on your gums.

Follow the Ipana treatment and you need have little concern about "pink tooth brush."

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-1231 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a three-cent stamp.

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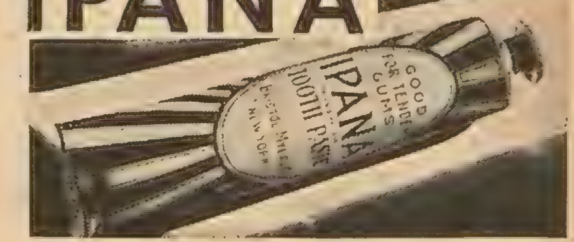

day the Bedouins would go out of their way to find the footprints of their friends to tell the tale.

Tahira whiled away the whole of the next day in thoughts of her father. She could not help remembering his face as she had seen it when he had reached out for the scimitar. And of Zeyd she thought all the time. How she would humiliate him, and spare him, that he live to tell the tale. They had sung his praises, the Antars had, for years. They should sing her praises in his tent. To salve their humiliation the Jeheina would say that she was made of flame and steel. The children of their children would remember her in their songs.

Then, while still burning with exaltation and almost hearing the songs her enemies would sing of her, she told off the men who were dressed in rags.

"I am not leading alms-begging Bedouins to Zeyd's tents. I am riding with Antar warriors," she said. And then one of the men she had sent away, using the free speech of the desert, said, after lifting her white cloak:

"To look at you one would think you have garbed yourself for a wedding."

And then Tahira looked at herself. She hadn't realized that she had put on the best she could find in her yellow trunk, that she had done her hair more carefully than ever, and that she had wound about her neck the costliest strings of rubies and smaragds her grandfather had brought to her grandmother a hundred years ago from the markets of Aleppo where he had sold two mares for their weight in silver.

Yahu! Even as her mare galloped out of the circle of tents, Tahira saw a dozen riders sitting watch on their horses with fluttering rags on the tips of their lances.

With a loud battle cry, she spurred her horse after them. Her men followed. The Jeheina were caught off balance. The men were armed with spears and swords only. Tahira's blood rose to her face and her rage almost blinded her. So! Zeyd wouldn't fight Antars led by a woman as he had fought Antars led by a man! That was it. Riding at top speed she turned to say to Aly, who was riding beside her:

"Tell the men not to use their matchlocks!"

Her horse gained ground. Her men were behind her, screaming like devils, leaning low over the necks of their steeds, spearheads forward, and spreading out in an ever-widening circle about the fleeing Jeheina riders.

Tahira was ahead of her men. She had ridden on raids beside her father, but had never experienced the exhilaration of riding at the head of her own troops in pursuit of an enemy. Though they were gaining upon the Jeheina, she wished the pursuit would never end. When one of the fleeing men was thrown from his horse, she jumped over on the run, knowing that her people would strip him to the skin. The half circle spread out wide behind her and ahead of her, until it seemed the Antars intended to take their chief with the Jeheina. Then the circle spread out, closed, and the Antars were upon the Jeheina, riding in circles around them, just as Tahira had unhorsed a rider carrying the fluttering rags of a woman's clothes on his spearhead.

AND then the Antars stripped the Jeheina Bedouins to their skins and drove them off, each man in a different direction so that everybody in the desert should see how Mohammed Mehsan's daughter avenged the humiliation of her people.

They returned to their own menzil triumphantly, laughing and singing, a hundred men on horseback with shreds of Jeheina clothing tied to their spearheads. Then Aly sang Tahira's praise: how she had ridden upon the fierce enemies, even as her father had done for fifty years, and how she had unhorsed the strongest men with her own hand. The women donned their best garb and danced about the tents. When the men sat down to eat, some of the naked young boys tumbled about the camp fires, while others ran beside galloping horses to swing themselves on their bare backs, to ride under their stomachs, and to hoist themselves back on the saddle flesh while the black manes of the horses fluttered in the wind.

Yahu! They had a young sheik now. Another year and they would follow her to battle the Jeheina! *Yahu! Yahu!*

Aly, freshly washed, his hair oiled, and in clean white garb, looking cool and refreshed, walked over from his tent to Tahira, who was sitting alone on her couch under the midday sun.

"Let me pitch a tent for you."

"My tent is not yet here—it is as yet fastened to Zeyd's pegs. I shall enter no tent until that one is fastened to my pegs."

"But you cannot stay in the open now—"

"It were better if you counseled less, Aly Benduck," she said sharply.

Aly Benduck! She had never called him otherwise than Aly. It had been understood that she was to marry him. And now she called him Aly Benduck!

The next day Jeheina Bedouins caught two Antar herders only a stone's throw from their tents and stripped them. A few days later a group of Antars caught some Jeheina women camping on the way to Damascus and stripped them. The main Jeheina camp with Zeyd was far away to the north. And from then on, small groups of Jeheina riders and Antar riders rode out every morning to seek each other out and to strip the conquered bare.

THE tale spread. Before the month was over both tribes had become the laughingstock of the desert from Aleppo to Damascus, from Damascus to Mecca. The tale traveled beyond the Jordan to Syria and Palestine, on horseback and on the backs of camels; from water well to water well, from *kahva* to *kahva*, from coffee tent to coffee tent, and from Bedouin tent village to tent village, and was embellished and exaggerated so that the Antars and the Jeheina laughed the loudest when the tales reached them in their own tents.

A month after Mohammed Mehsan's death the score between Zeyd and Tahira was about even. As many had been stripped of one tribe as of the other.

One morning Aly and some of his friends with whom he had ridden out at night returned with two tents they had taken down from over some Jeheina Bedouins who had camped apart from the main group of their people. And the Antars, instead of feasting the heroes, cursed them, and the women began to take down the tents on the outer rim of the village in the sand. Cursing each other, the women who owned the tents of the second circle began to take down their homes. Before nightfall all the tents had been taken down and five hundred people walked about in rags, the women in filthy old pieces of tent cloth, and the men in the very rags they had taken from their enemies. Instead of being the sheik of two hundred tents and five hundred of the wealthiest of desert Arabs, Tahira saw herself the sheik of a band of beggarlike tentless fools, who had buried their tents and their clothes and their best camel saddles and their blankets and were now shivering in the cold of the desert night beside little smoking fires of dried grass and camel dung. And a great loathing of her own people filled her heart. She ordered them to pitch their tents again. They refused.

"Are we to lose them to the cursed Jeheina?"

Early the following morning Tahira ordered her men to follow her upon the main camp of the Jeheina. She would make an end to the whole affair. She would take down Zeyd's tent from over him and then call the score even.

"*Yahu!*" She rode at the head of more than a hundred riders. She had ordered the people who had been left behind in the tentless menzil to use their scimitars and their matchlocks against their enemies.

An hour later Tahira stumbled upon a group of Jeheina resting in a sand hollow. The Antars were upon them before they had time to run away. They were practically bare under their ragged old cloaks. Some wore shreds of Antar clothing and strips of camel pads upon their limbs, but most of them were naked. And they were loathsome to look upon and smelled vilely. They offered no resistance to the Antars and grinned into their faces. Afraid that they would be stripped, they had all left their best clothing behind them. There wasn't enough clothing on all the Jeheina to tie to one spearhead. They were still laughing and shouting, despite their defeat, when Tahira ordered her riders to follow her.

Two hours later they came upon a larger group of

Jeheina riding toward them. Tahira's heart swelled, thinking that Zeyd was with them. She looked over their heads to see him, for he would be taller than any of them.

Both groups stopped within sight of each other. Tahira's black mare neighed and pawed the sand. Then the Jeheina came in closer, slowly, holding their pawing and rearing horses in check. When they were less than a mile away Tahira saw that Zeyd wasn't with them. And, lo and behold! these Jeheina riders were bare. She rode upon them. They turned, veered, rode at first in different directions, but veered back to ride in a solid mass when Tahira's men, lances forward, began to encircle them. The desert rang with curses of men and screams of horses.

"Hold fast, Antars!" Tahira called, and she uttered the shrill battle cry of her people, "*Yahu!*" A naked and grinning Jeheina youth drove upon her, spear down. She unhorsed him even as her own mare had almost fallen backward upon her as it reared to receive the shock. Another Jeheina was coming upon her before her horse had regained balance. Aly's lance saved her. And then the Antars took heart. Oh, they had a sheik! A woman, true—an unveiled girl in her teens, but she was Mehsan's daughter. Better than two men. A warrior with courage and a great heart. After that day Zeyd's men would no longer fight them with lances and spears, but would arm themselves with matchlocks and scimitars.

"*Yahu*, Antars!" they yelled, urging their horses forward. They were like a wind, a wind of fire upon burning sand. Tahira was at their head. The Jeheina broke rank and turned. The Antars were at their heels. Naked and in rags, the Jeheina flopped, fell, crouched, to avoid the hoofs of the pursuers, and then scrambled to their feet to run.

The Antars clung to the heels of their fleeing enemies. Half of them had been unhorsed. The ones still in their saddles were now protected by the riderless horses running between them and the Antars. No spears could reach them.

"*Yahu!*"

THE midday sun was pouring his scorching rays. The horses were all in a lather. The sweat boiled on the backs of the men. Some of Tahira's people tumbled out of their saddles and fell like lead to the ground. Horses stumbled and fell. The Jeheina slowed up. Tahira saw them fall off their horses, one after the other, to be trampled by their own steeds; saw that only half of her own men were still in the saddle. But she kept on. Where was Zeyd? She would carry his tent away. That very night she would sleep under its canopy, and on the morrow it would shade her from the sun, and she would no longer stay in the open like a beggar.

And there, in the hollow between mountains and waves of sand stood one tent, one huge black tent on whose steeplelike top hung listless the green flag of the Jeheina. It was Zeyd's tent.

"*Yahu, yahu, yahu!*"

One tent! The other tents had been taken down in fear of the Antars, even as the Antars had taken down their tents in fear of the Jeheina. And even as the Antar women, the Jeheina women, screaming and cowering, naked or covered with filthy rags, were running about, gathering their children about them.

WITHOUT stopping to look at her warriors, Tahira rode straight into Zeyd's tent. Aly followed her. The other Arabs were at their heels.

And there was Zeyd, lying down on his rug-covered couch, his best cloak wrapped about him. And he neither moved nor said a word when Tahira jumped down from her horse and stood before him. His eyes opened wide and he looked at her.

And then Zeyd, after he had lifted the corner of Tahira's cloak and seen that she was dressed in her best garb, said:

"I am not an ill man, *Inshallah*, but a man filled with deep loathing of his own people who have been wearing nothing but the filthiest of rags well nigh to a moon now."

And rising to his feet, he added:

"And this man, is he the Aly you are to marry?"

Talking to Tahira, he pulled down Aly's cloak and saw Aly, Aly Benduck, the dandy of the tribe; Aly Benduck who had always worn his best clothes—saw that Aly Benduck was like a beggar under his cloak, even as were the rest of Tahira's people and all of the Jeheina. Only Zeyd and Tahira were dressed as was becoming to Antars and Jeheina, and, better still, they were in their best clothes as they would have been on their wedding day.

And then Zeyd said:

"What strange bypaths Allah has made us take on the road toward each other, Tahira. In my wedding garb I have waited for you to come upon me in your wedding garb. This morning, when my men in filthy rags went out to fight your men, I didn't know they were messengers sent by Allah to call you to me—to heal me of my loathing of them."

Aly walked out shamefacedly and spitting upon himself. They were all spitting upon themselves now.

Zeyd smiled and, having kissed Tahira's lips, he spoke the same words her father had spoken before he died:

"*Wellah! Ana shebaan min umry* [By the Lord I have had my fill of life—of humiliation and of joy]."

And helping Tahira on her horse, he said, "And if your heart be as filled as mine is with loathing and happiness, let us ride the ways of Allah alone and together. And let these beggars choose sheiks they deserve."

From her horse Tahira called out to Aly: "Take down Zeyd's tent. And carry it with you, empty, wherever you go."

THE END

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Was It a Miracle?

BILL TERRY

(Reading time: 16 minutes 30 seconds.)

WHENEVER a baseball club upsets the expert's apple cart of preseason dope, it is hailed as a "miracle team." And so the New York Giants became a miracle team when they won the National League pennant for 1933, and even more miraculous when they took the World's Series from the Washington Senators in five games.

We've never had many miracles down in Memphis, Tennessee, where I dig in for the winter; so I'm not best qualified to discuss such things very deeply. Yet I have some license to hold forth on this particular subject. For I was amazed at the end of the regular baseball campaign to discover that I was not only a part of a miracle, but managing one!

The dictionary says that a miracle is "a supernatural occurrence; a wonder; a marvel."

There isn't a great deal of meat in that explanation. It leaves you pretty much in the dark. I will admit that the description seems to fit Carl Hubbell, but certainly not the whole ball club.

What, then, is a miracle team in baseball? The Chicago White Sox of 1906 was supposed to be one. The Boston Braves of 1914 another. Is it a bunch of superstars or a gang of lucky dodoes?

Suppose we take one of the events claimed to have been miraculous during the opening game of the recent World's Series. There may be some kind of a hint lying around loose.

It is the seventh inning.

There are two runners on base and two out. Goose Goslin, Washington slugger, is shuffling around at the plate, waving a big bat menacingly, as all sluggers wave their bats.

I am playing first base. Carl Hubbell is pitching. Gus Mancuso, our catcher, has signed for a screw ball. It is supposed to break in toward Goslin's knees. Naturally, everybody on our team is tense, because a base hit will mean a run.

Hubbell steps on the rubber. He looks around cautiously. Goslin takes a toe hold in the dirt. Hubbell starts his delivery. The ball sails toward the plate.

The infield is on its toes. Goslin's bat swings around. I hear a crack of wood against leather. I see some-

OTT DAVIS SCHUMACHER RYAN JACKSON

THE NEW YORK GIANTS, WORLD'S CHAMPIONS, 1933

By

BILL TERRY

Manager of the New York Giants,
World's Champions, 1933

thing white flashing through the air. My hand goes out. Something smacks against my glove, and I clutch instinctively.

I have caught a line drive from Goslin's bat, ending the inning.

Where is the miracle?

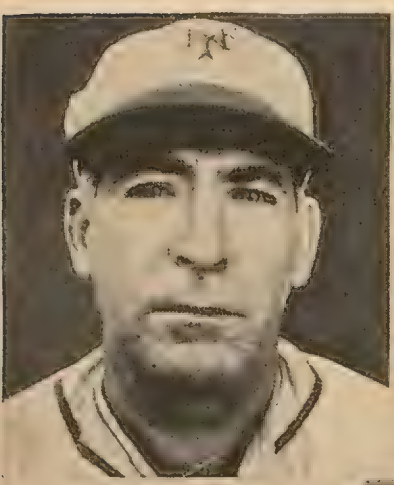
I fail to see any. I make a half dozen catches like that a season, and so does every hustling first baseman. Lou Gehrig made one like it in the 1932 World's Series. Not only that, but every season a half dozen line drives of my own are pulled down the same way.

It would have been a miracle, however, if Goslin had hit the ball to the third-base side of the infield instead of to my side. He was a left-handed hitter trying to pull the ball into right field. We made sure that he'd hit to right by throwing him an inside pitch.

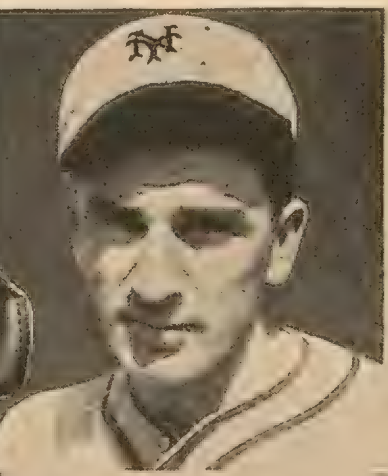
If what happened is a miracle, then baseball is full of them.

Down on the playing field there never is any thought of the supernatural. Every batter is marked as this or that kind of a hitter, just as an artist or a musician has a certain kind of style.

We play him to hit to left, right, center, into the air, or into the dirt.


LUQUE

MANCUSO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When a dead right-field hitter slices one into left, it's one of the breaks of the game. But it is in no sense a miracle. And when a dead right-field hitter hits into right field, that's sound baseball.

Down on the playing field every thought is of that next pitch. If a player isn't thinking of the next pitch, he's double-crossing his employer, his manager, his team, and even himself.

I was able to make that catch of Goslin's drive because I was thinking of that next pitch. I didn't take my eyes off the ball from the time it left Hubbell's hand until it struck my glove.

Keeping your eye on the ball is one rule that ball players never break. It's the best way to keep from getting killed.

The real low-down on this miracle business as applied to the New York Giants is quite simple, although not exactly flattering.

The baseball experts of the nation didn't think we had a chance of finishing better than sixth in the National League pennant race. And they didn't stint on adjectives in saying so. I don't know what basis of reckoning they used, but they seemed to put two and two together and get five as a total.

Personally, I've always thought that picking baseball winners as a profession was foolish anyway. Ball players are not machines. They are human beings. Besides, picking winners in the spring doesn't mean anything. Nobody ever makes any rash bets on preseason ratings. It steams up a small portion of the public, I know, but not the real baseball fan. The real baseball fan needs no such shot in the arm to become all of a lather about a pennant race.

Naturally we ball players disregarded those preseason ratings, just as we would have if they had selected us to finish first—as they will next spring as sure as you're a foot high. We went about our business of trying to win ball games as we had planned. That was what we were being paid to do. We would have lost our jobs if we hadn't won games.

ALONG about the end of July the pickers began to backwater a little by comparing our "phenomenal" showing with the Boston Braves' of 1914 which hamstrung the National League that year. The late George Stallings, who managed that team, was called a miracle man. It was his first and last miracle.

Finally, when we won the pennant with plenty to spare, there was only one way to account for it. We were called a miracle team. Mind you, we were not called a damned good team, which we were. Our victory was put on the same plane with the rabbit which the magician yanks out of the silk hat.

To me this is hard to understand. Taken one by one, our players stood out as equal to any in the league, and in some instances as better. And these were the same players who worked out between earthquakes at spring training camp six months before.

That's a partial explanation to all this miracle business. There was no more miracle to the Giants of 1933 than there is to a bowling ball, or anything else that knocks 'em over.

Anybody who picks a ball club to win a pennant is leading with his right and leaving his jaw wide open. To string along with last year's winner is all well enough, but risky business at best.

For how do I know that Carl Hubbell won't fall off of his father's hay wagon at Meeker, Oklahoma, and spring an elbow? What's to prevent Travis Jackson from pulling a brace of Charley horses while he's showing the townfolks of Waldo, Arkansas, how he bunted the Senators silly? It has never happened, of course, and I hope it won't. Nevertheless there's no guaranty against it for next year.

WHEN a baseball team arrives for spring training, it is an unknown quantity. I don't care what its record for the previous year might have been. It still is an unknown quantity. Of course last year's winner has the best chance, and the manager, as a rule, has to stand pat. He sticks with the winning team until it isn't a winning team any more.

He may have a justifiable hunch that his star right-hander has had domestic trouble and gone sour. The slugging outfielder may have had death or sickness among his near relatives during the winter.

But the manager can't cut loose important players like these on such flimsy hunches. The pitcher pitches and the slugger goes into the outfield. What happens? The pitcher gets his ears pinned back in a few important games. The slugger doesn't slug often enough. The team that is supposed to win crumples, and nobody knows why. That is, nobody outside the ball club.

Two very important factors escaped general and specific notice last spring when the Giants' chances in the pennant race were being weighed. And I think both factors should have been considered, for they were both evident and vital.

The first is the fact that we had several young and promising players. They were anything but strangers or bush-leaguers. They had been coming along for one, two, and three years.

It didn't take me long to realize that Hal Schumacher, our young right-handed pitcher, was no longer promising. He had arrived. He was there—ready for anything I wanted him to do.

Roy Parmalee, another right-handed pitcher, once wild enough to be called ferocious, had tamed himself, so to speak. He had control, and Parmalee with control was all you could expect in a pitcher.

We had two fast young outfielders in Joe Moore and George Davis. They weren't spectacular as hitters or fielders, but they were far above the average in both departments of the game. I knew this. The team knew it. And we made no attempt to keep it a secret. Shoved into the outfield with our "baby veteran" Mel Ott, we had something out there in the garden.

In Gus Mancuso we had a young, studious, hustling catcher. He knew every batting weakness in the National League. That's a lot of knowledge, but it was in Mancuso's head. It takes only an hour of conversation with him to prove the point. And that knowledge paid handsome dividends to our pitchers throughout the season.

And, of course, there was Blondy Ryan. I hope there always will be Blondy Ryan. He is the most potent psychological force I've ever seen on a ball club. You may make fun of the old college spirit and pep, but it worked wonders for us.

Everybody outside the club made light of Blondy's famous "They can't beat us" telegram to me in mid-season when he was out of the line-up. But we all knew that he meant it, every word of it. Believe it or don't, it helped us over a very tough spot.

All these players are young players. They are honest with me, and, more important, honest with themselves. They are not wealthy boys. They haven't been sated with high salaries and sumptuous living. They take themselves and their jobs very seriously.

They believed in each other from the start. They were willing to try anything and everything in order to help each other to victory. That feeling was oozing from every quarter of the ball club from the first game until the last.

When you get this spirit and coöperation on a baseball team, you have the basic ingredient, the vital element of victory.

Every team that wins has it. And no ball club ever won a pennant without it. One sour note and the harmony is destroyed. You might as well prepare yourself for the worst. As a veteran partaker of victory and defeat, I know what I'm talking about.

I REALIZE very well, of course, that there is no divining rod whereby an outsider can gauge the amount of spirit and coöperation on a winning ball club. By the same token, you cannot see the lack of spirit and dissension that makes a losing team.

But I maintain that a fairly trained eye can judge the degree of improvement in young players. A manager is always building from year to year. Sooner or later with these youngsters his club is bound to come forth (instead of sixth).

That was what escaped general notice. They couldn't see that Parmalee's control was infinitely better; that Hal Schumacher was a great pitcher with a deceptive sinker ball; that we had the youngest and fastest outfield in the major leagues and all good hitters; that Blondy Ryan was more than a utility infielder; he was a spark plug.

Those are concrete reasons why I had to laugh every time I saw the word "miracle" applied to the Giants' success. I wasn't peeved. They could have called it an effect of sun spots or cosmic rays for all of me. The boys paid off on our pitching and base hits. That's what the records will show.

As to the rest—well, that happens to be sound baseball. Anybody who can't see sound baseball in the pitching of Hubbell and Fitzsimmons, Jackson's infielding, Ott's outfielding, and my first-basing ought to have his eyes examined. We've been around long enough, dragging down high salaries and making the first five hitters now and then.

THIS fellow Carl Hubbell is more than just a pitcher. I don't know what to call him. But I've never seen any man have such a hold on ball players as this fellow has on the Giants, and that includes Bill Terry who is supposed to manage him.

Honestly, the boys would run through fire for Hubbell. They look upon him as some kind of a patron saint, which he was, more or less, throughout the year, and certainly in the World's Series.

A lot of people figured that Hubbell was having a great year because of the supposedly dead baseball used in the National League. He pitched ten shutouts. He had a string of forty-six consecutive scoreless innings. He hung up an earned run average of a little more than one run per game. The official figures have not yet come out at this writing, but his average can't be much higher than that.

And then he sailed into the World's Series, pitching with both baseballs, dead and lively—though, of course, only one at a time. The Senators got one run off of his pitching in each game, and both runs were unearned, the direct result of an error. He pitched twenty innings against the best hitting team of the American League, and did not allow an earned run!

But even Hubbell is no miracle. He has uncanny control. He can slice inches off the plate, according to the needs of the moment. You call the spot and he'll hit it.

He has a curve ball that breaks away from a left-handed batter. He throws a screw ball that breaks in and down against a left-handed batter. And he has a fast ball which is delivered with a somewhat different motion from the two others.

As I have said, he can throw these three pitches at any desired spot. This stuff of his is backed up by an easy, graceful pitching motion which enables him to continue tirelessly.

That was how he completed what I regard as a masterpiece of pitching history, his eighteen-inning 1-0 victory over the St. Louis Cardinals last summer. He wasn't as tired after that game as you are after carrying out the ashes from the cellar.

(Continued on page thirty-four)

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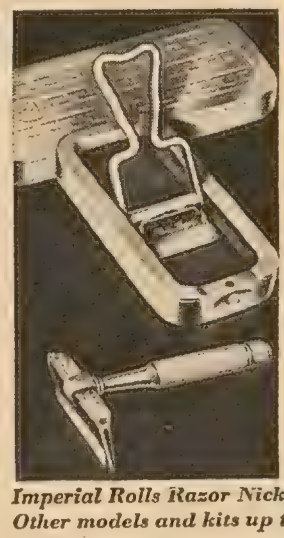

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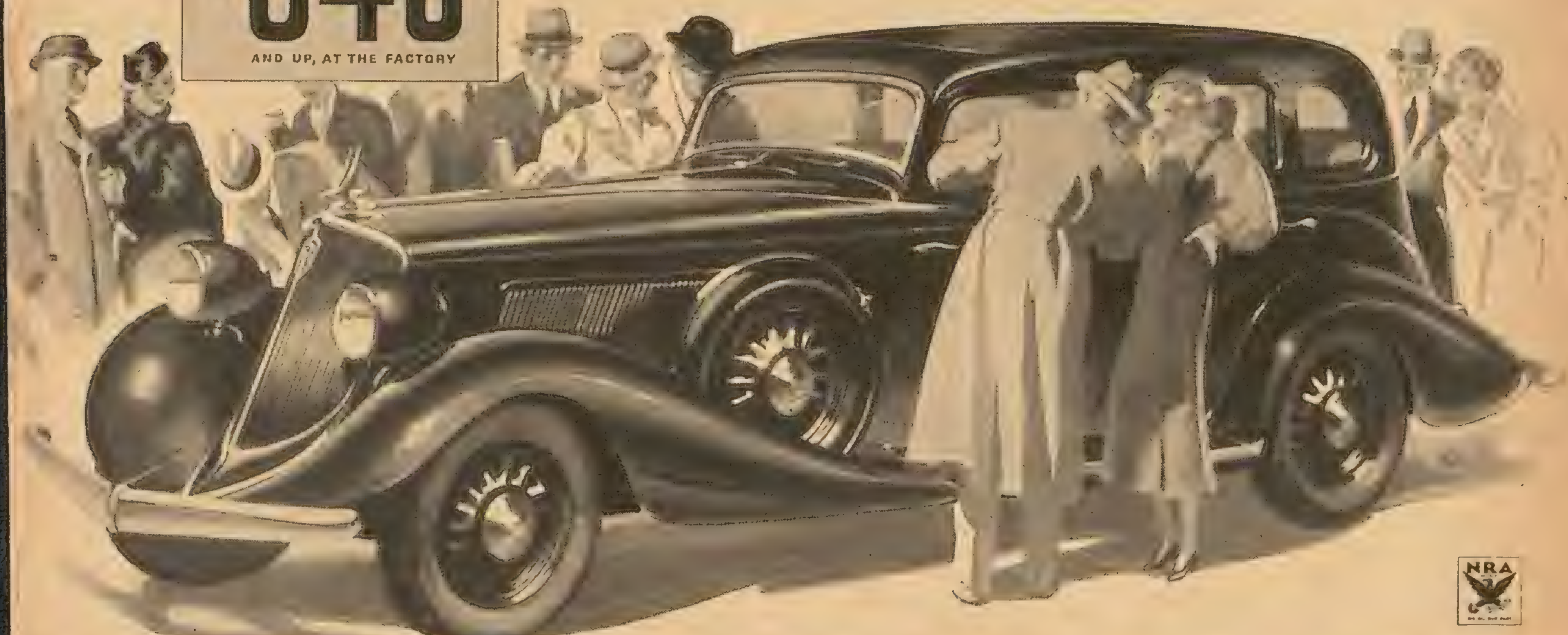


Startling new STUDEBAKERS OF 1934

(Continued from page thirty-one)

I could talk about Hubbell until the cows come home, and so could anybody else who has seen him pitch. There is as much to him as a man as there is as a pitcher. Naturally he is not the whole team. He is only one of nine players on the field, all necessary to success.

It isn't exactly depressing to be manager of a baseball team that has won the world's championship. I've been playing baseball for twenty years, but this experience tops everything.

I got a lot of thrills out of the World's Series. The biggest, I guess, was Adolfo Luque's pitching in that final game. Luque is forty-three years old and gray-haired. But the way he stood out there without a nerve quivering was the lesson of a lifetime.

There were two out and two on base in the tenth inning of that last game. Once again a base hit meant a run. I ran over to inquire about Luque's general welfare. Kuhel, a left-handed batter, was up. He is a good hitter, and he was long overdue in the series. He was liable to come up with an overdue hit right there.

"Dolf," I said, "shall I bring in that left-hander to pitch to this guy?"

"Don't worry," he said in his Cuban accent. "I take care of heem. I b'ar down!"

And how he took care of Kuhel! He bent a hook over the plate for the wickedest third strike you ever saw. Nobody could have hit that ball fair.

And that last pitch split the nail of Luque's big toe. That's how the old fellow bore down. That's how he "took care of heem."

The next best kick I got out of the series was the timely hitting of little Melvin Ott. Ott didn't have a very good year as a whole. He slumped early in the season, but he finished with a rush.

I warned everybody that he'd probably come through in the series, because he was going so well in those final weeks.

But a lot of people saw only his .281 batting average for the whole season, and they made their calculations accordingly.

And what did he do?

HE started us off in the very first inning of the opening game at the Polo Grounds. He smacked a curve ball into the stands for a home run. He brought us victory in the tenth inning of the fifth game by smacking a curve ball into the stands for a home run. He hit close to .400 for the series!

Call these two cases coincidences, call them miracles. The ball players have their own way of expressing it: Damned good baseball!

There's one other important factor to be used in scouting this miracle theory. It concerns a few of the older players who have been with the club for a few years, or were veterans at spring training camp in California.

NEXT WEEK—

Beginning—

THE FIGHTING JEW—

WILDCAT SAM DREBEN'S

Story at Last by His Old Pal

TEX O'REILLY

In a scrap as in a craps game Sam would always shoot the works. Couldn't keep a dollar—wouldn't stay licked. Tex first saw him charging a Filipino army single-handed, fought at his side in war after war, lived to see him come back from France with the Croix de Guerre and D. S. C. The fightin'est true story you ever heard of!

Fred Fitzsimmons, a right-hander, has always been a dependable pitcher year in and year out. He invariably wins between fifteen and eighteen games. Fitzsimmons is not flashy but is dependable, which is more important. And he certainly knows how to handle the tough ball clubs. Hughie Critz is a great defensive infielder, if there ever was one, and I understand there have been several. He played his customary great game throughout the season and all through the series.

Travis Jackson needs none of my adjectives. His ball playing created some new ones. He took his weak underpinning over to the toughest position in the infield—third base.

And he played like the star that he is. He was one of the big figures in the series.

Our tragedy, of course, was the loss of Johnny Vergez, but we got off lightly compared with what Vergez himself had to go through. He suffered a string of misfortunes that would tear your heart out. Everything toppled on his shoulders all at once.

OUR only hope is that he has good fortune next year in proportion to what he suffered during 1933. But even his gameness was a tonic for us.

Everybody on the ball club contributed something, big or small. It was like a perfect mosaic, each contribution fitting into a pattern of victory.

There were no deadheads among the players, that I'm telling you. There were no sour notes in the harmony.

I guess you get a pretty good idea of what constitutes a miracle in modern baseball.

If you don't, after all this, drop around at the Polo Grounds next spring.

As far as I'm concerned, a baseball miracle is nothing more or less than class for nine innings.

That may sound boastful, I being the manager of the outfit I am claiming such class for, but it's my honest belief.

Now, can I help it if everybody fails to recognize this class?

I certainly cannot. I am too busy working with the boys on the ball field.

We are there putting on a show that is open to everybody.

I haven't the time to send out round-robin letters explaining to all and sundry that Mancuso is the best catcher in baseball; Schumacher has attained greatness as a pitcher, etc., etc.

There is more to baseball than meets the eye. But that intangible something is not miracle dust. It is simply hard work, honesty among men, sincerity of purpose, and unflinching courage.

That explains the New York Giants of 1933!

THE END

Pay to........CASH

A SHORT SHORT STORY

By NORMA PHILLIPS MUIR

(Reading time: 4 minutes 15 seconds.)

"MRS. OLDFIELD."

Myra paused and gave a friendly smile to the manager of the diamond department who had spoken to her.

"How are you, Mr. Ashton?"

"Splendid, thank you, Mrs. Oldfield. Have you a moment to spare? I'd like to show you something rather lovely."

For over seventy years Blair, Burrows & Meadows had been family jewelers, and the Agnews had been accounted among their best customers decades before Myra Agnew had become Myra Oldfield. The Oldfields had always had their charge accounts there too.

For Mrs. Oldfield's benefit, then, there was taken from its case a fire opal mounted on a slim platinum band and surrounded with flawless diamonds.

"How exquisite!" she exclaimed. "But what an odd shape, Mr. Ashton. Like a question mark, isn't it?"

"I knew you'd appreciate it," smiled the man. "As a matter of fact I've never seen another opal just like that, Mrs. Oldfield. Actually it is shaped almost like an hourglass, but the way the diamonds have been mounted has made it, as you suggest, into a—a—"

"A dark question with brilliant possibilities," the woman interjected. "I would love to have it!"

"It would cost *you* only two hundred dollars," said the man, emphasizing the pronoun.

"Surely it is worth more than that?"

"I guess I shouldn't be telling you this," Ashton said, "but your husband has been looking at it. He thinks six hundred dollars is too high, and frankly we cannot sell it for less. He said if at any time we felt we wanted to accept four hundred for it we could call him, and I thought—"

Her eyes narrowed. She peeled the pale suède gloves from her right hand and slipped the ring on its fourth finger.

"All right," she said briskly. "I've got to have it, of course. It simply claims me. Put the two hundred to my account and tell Mr. Oldfield you'll accept four hundred. Don't send my account to the house next month. I'll come in and settle."

For the next three nights she strove to seem without expectancy when Hal come home from the office. But he did not give her the ring, nor mention it.

Suddenly she relaxed in the sure knowledge that it was to mark their eighth wedding anniversary—the anniversary which also celebrated Hal, Junior's, sixth birthday. But that day passed too, and found her finger still innocent of that darkly gleaming query mark.

Passing Blair, Burrows & Meadows's on her way to Gina's, to the bridge club, she went in.

"Did that husband of mine try to make a better bargain?" she asked laughingly.

"Why, no, Mrs. Oldfield. He bought the ring the second day after you were in," the manager told her. "He said it was for a very special sort of anniversary—"

"Oh!" said Myra blankly. "I—" Suddenly her face cleared. "I know now," she said. "Thanks, Mr. Ashton."

"The darling," she soliloquized as she drove up the long avenue of cedars to the stately old house in which Gina's twentieth-century smartness seemed anachronistic. "Hal knows that the day he came home from the war meant more to me than almost any other day in my life. It'll be fifteen years next Thursday—"

"Darling, you're always late," called Gina as Myra entered the big living room where the "Felines" were gathered.

"I've a system," declared Myra placidly. "I can come late because, never knowing when I might appear, it isn't worth while to start talking about me."

"As if there was ever anything *to* say about the Oldfields that couldn't be shouted," Gina laughed. "Come on, girls, let's get at it."

THEY gathered about the bridge tables. Myra found that Gina was her partner. She smiled warmly at her. Dear old Gina! They'd been friends so long—

And then suddenly, without a second's preparation, she knew that she had died. Her hands picked up the cards and sorted them and her voice was quite even. But she was dead just the same.

"Gorgeous new ring you have there, Gina," she heard herself say.

Gina stretched the long slim hand with the cruel carmined nails across the table.

"I'm mad about it," she admitted.

"Wrong finger to have any significance attached to it," suggested Myra.

Gina laughed.

"As a matter of fact it's sort of an anniversary present," she declared.

Myra's heart missed a beat, then seemed to beat so fast it almost suffocated her.

Gina was still talking.

". . . to remind me of a question I gave the right answer to five years ago."

THE END

VAGABONDS, VARSITY, VODKA

By BEVERLY HILLS

An Epic of Shantytown; a Fast-Moving Story of College Football; Ruth Chatterton as a Big-Business Woman, and a Film with a Salt-Water Flavor

(Reading time: 7 minutes 25 seconds.)

LIKE other words taken over from arts that have been established long enough to have a vocabulary of their own, the word "pitch"—which means something definite in music—is sometimes applied to motion pictures, though nobody is quite sure what it means. All you can say is that in some pictures machine guns or lions have to be turned loose to give you your big moments, while in others the memorable scenes consist of a half-buttered phrase or a single piece of pantomime. Pitch is now fixed and deliberately sought after by the picture makers, instead of being variable and accidental. We mention the idea because the four pictures we saw this week pair off so neatly into the categories which producers have made out of that word "pitch."

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★½ MAN'S CASTLE

THE PLAYERS: Spencer Tracy, Loretta Young, Glenda Farrell, Walter Connolly, Arthur Hohl, Marjorie Rambeau, Dickie Moore, Helen Jerome Eddy. Directed by Frank Borzage.

"I like players to perform as though there were no camera on the set. I like audiences to feel that they are eavesdropping on a scene which was not enacted particularly for their benefit." This is the creed of Director Frank Borzage, and in Man's Castle he has stuck to it as closely as the laws of Hollywood technique would allow him.

Man's Castle, a sharply etched bit of Shantytown, features Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young.

It is a picture made with careful, loving craftsmanship, pitched so nearly in the tone of life itself that, with the least lift, a line or piece of business takes on tremendous emphasis, and you can't tell the story in a line or two because Man's Castle hasn't any story. It consists of some episodes involving a boy and girl (Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young) who meet by accident and start living together in Shantytown, a ragtag community tumbled together on a city's outskirts. Strange characters, grotesque and contorted, lunge across the tiny stage: Ira (Walter Connolly), a preacher who has become a night watchman; Bragg (Arthur Hohl), a lecherous, wormy derelict, and his blowzy mistress Flossie (Marjorie Rambeau).

Lyle Talbot and Pat O'Brien in College Coach, a speedy picture of life behind the football lines.

Each in his own way they touch, for good or evil, the love lyric of Trina and Bill. It's an odd sort of lyric; its moment of greatest poetry is when Tracy makes a down payment of five dollars to buy his sweetheart a stove. Its conflict is the age-old one of a man who wants to ride the brake beams every time he hears a train whistle, and a woman who wants to keep him if she can. Jo Swerling, who adapted the Lawrence Hazard play, almost gave Borzage the stuff for another Seventh Heaven—but missed, it's hard to tell why; perhaps because we never know enough about the two lovers to identify them. They come from nowhere and in the end they go away together—to nowhere, lying in each other's arms on the floor of a freight car.

Man's Castle falls short of greatness, but it's a failure nobody should miss seeing.

★★★ COLLEGE COACH

THE PLAYERS: Dick Powell, Ann Dvorak, Pat O'Brien, Arthur Byron, Lyle Talbot, Hugh Herbert, Arthur Hohl, Philip Faversham, Charles C. Wilson, Guinn Williams, Nat Pendleton, Philip Reed, Donald Meek, Berton Churchill, Harry Beresford, Herman Bing, Joe Sauers. Directed by William A. Wellman.

College Coach is pitched high, a fast-moving story geared to sport-page headlines. It begins with the yells of a crowd at a football game and then takes you behind the scenes to show, with less hooey than any college story to date, how big-time football really works. There are no heroes in College Coach. There is a typical tramp athlete (Lyle Talbot) who plays for the school that pays him best. There is an unpaid football player (Dick Powell) who is the closest thing to a scholar and a gentleman that the designers of this tale seemed able to find in a supermodern college world. There are no coeds, few rah-rahs, but there is Pat O'Brien in the best rôle he has ever had as a swaggering, poker-faced coach.

Edmund Burns, Ruth Chatterton, Rafaelo Ottiano, and Gavin Gordon in one of the scenes from Female.

Coach O'Brien has two hobbies (eating peanuts and reading about Napoleon), one weakness (his wife, Ann Dvorak), and the peculiar but fairly credible attitude that football is not an amateur sport but a billion-dollar industry which can be made to pay big money.

College Coach is a picture which depends strongly on story and dialogue, credit for which goes to Niven Busch. Warner's ace supervisor, Robert Lord, and Director William Wellman did swell jobs. Things to look for: The sequence in which O'Brien, clad in Boy Scout pants, addresses a banquet of the Campfire Boys of America; the blond chap who plays the part of Snyder, the player killed by Gore's unscrupulous tactics (he is Ernie Nevers, all-time All-America back, and he played the part because no one else was tough enough to take the trouncings incidental to rehearsing and photographing the scene).

★★½ FEMALE

THE PLAYERS: Ruth Chatterton, George Brent, Johnny Mack Brown, Ruth Donnelly, Lois Wilson, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Philip Reed, Rafaelo Ottiano, Gavin Gordon, Sterling Holloway, Kenneth Thomson, Huey White, Douglas Dumbrille, Walter Walker, Charles Wilson, Edward Cooper, Spencer Charters, Edmund Burns. Directed by Michael Curtiz.

This is another story that is pitched high. It moves so swiftly that for the first time in her screen career Ruth Chatterton has to talk fast and get through doorways without stopping for a close-up. Even though she continues to use an accent which, neither English nor American, causes such words as marriage or happy to emerge on the sound track as meddage and heppy; even though one is not let off the conscious whimsey of the Chatterton eyes or the slow wheeling of the famous chin into a close-up, Female is a successful picture.

Hell and High Water packs in a lot of "box office" appeal, including Judith Allen and Richard Arlen.

Miss Chatterton takes the part of a woman who is president of an automobile company. Unable to find a man sufficiently aware of her as female to forget her as an executive, she picks her lovers in the decisive manner history imputes to Catherine the Great. After dinner they get vodka, and next morning a transfer to some distant branch of the automobile company. The suspense of the picture consists of waiting for George Brent to show up and set her on her ear. He does.

★★ HELL AND HIGH WATER

THE PLAYERS: Richard Arlen, Judith Allen, Charley Grapewin, Gertrude W. Hoffman, Sir Guy Standing, S. Matsui, William Frawley, Robert Knettles, Esther Muir, Iris Yamaoka, John Marston, Barton MacLane, Franklin Parker, Mike Morita, Selmer Jackson, Joe Satsanuki. Directed by Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt.

Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt, who wrote and directed this for Paramount, tried to do a pretty hard thing: they wanted to produce something pitched in the mood that is Borzage's specialty. This was what they wanted to do, but they went about it by putting into their picture every element that tradition holds to be sure-fire "human" box office. A dash of whimsey (Richard Arlen, seagoing garbage collector to a United States naval detachment, is on terms of friendly intimacy with a rear admiral); an adopted blond baby (Robert Knettles); a touch of international camaraderie (a Japanese fisherman, played by Joe Satsanuki, is Arlen's best friend); and a strong love-out-of-the-jaws-of-death angle (Judith Allen, a taxi dancer bent on suicide, jumps into the net Arlen rigs around his boat to keep the garbage from falling overboard).

It's all competently written, acted, and photographed. When the story seems to be slipping overboard with the garbage, the long arm of coincidence yanks it back neatly enough. Perhaps the fundamental objection to it all is that realism and Winnie the Poohism don't mix.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Bowery, The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet, The Power and the Glory, Berkeley Square, F. P. 1, Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses, Dinner at Eight, Noah's Ark, The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico, Nothing Ever Happens.

★★★—Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road, The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness, I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons, Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey, Night Flight, Broadway to Hollywood, Paddy the Next Best Thing, Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage, Good-bye Again, I Loved You Wednesday, Voltaire, Peg o' My Heart, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord, Looking Forward, I Cover the Waterfront, Never Give a Sucker a Break, The Barbarian, Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest.

MARLENE

(Reading time: 9 minutes 45 seconds.)

MARLENE returns.

Perhaps to remain in America for all time.

For Chancellor Hitler's program has had disturbing reverberations in Hollywood. German film stars, including the delectable Dietrich, may soon be ordered to return to the Reich. Or, failing to heed the command to return, may be barred from German films.

A recent Associated Press dispatch reported that these plans are being discussed in the film Reichsfachschaft, Germany's controlling movie organization.

When Marlene Dietrich left America early last spring it was uncertain whether she would ever return. For our two most prodigious American abominations had caused her flight:

The threats of our gangsters. The persecutions of a prying press.

In Europe the police know every criminal. Threats of kidnaping Marlene Dietrich's little daughter Maria would have been run to earth in short order abroad. In Hollywood the German star had to hire nine private detectives and take other elaborate precautions. Underworld threats had even reached her husband when he passed through Chicago and New York.

Just publicity? Inconceivable! No mother would court that type of precarious advertising.

As for the American press, Marlene is not the only film star in Hollywood to resent being dissected like a china doll; being asked if she loves her husband, her leading man, her director. If she sleeps alone, *en suite*, or twin. How she is affected by oysters or dope, gambling or absinthe.

Three years ago, when she arrived in America, Marlene Dietrich was friendly and frank. It has taken far less than that time to disrupt her Teutonic calm and try her patience, to the point where for many months last year she refused to see the press at all.

At first, three years ago, she was ignored. Hollywood did not consider her worth tearing to shreds. Blue Angel had not yet been released.

Then a conservative magazine that had refused cigarette ads before the depression made us gasp over a double-page expanse of the glorious Dietrich legs. And this in a year when skirts had just gone ankleward!

The legs had it. Then Blue Angel was released and an interesting pair of garters also had It. Marlene would bear watching, the professionals said, with scarcely a dissenting voice.

Gangsters and Reporters Sent the Delectable Dietrich Away—Has Hitler Unwittingly Given Her Back to Hollywood?

By HELEN STARR

Changes Her Mind

Now, Marlene Dietrich has unusual simplicity. Sincerity. She is gracious. Well bred. If her first—and almost her last—Hollywood party was offensive to her, she made no sign. Offering apologies to her hostess, she departed at the end of ten minutes. Sent flowers the next day.

They told her at the studio to say she was eighteen. She was twenty-five. She resented being asked to fib. They also told her not to mention her husband. And to be sure to say nothing of a child.

"Baby! An angel who understands me as no one else does!" Marlene exclaimed. She and baby. So lonely. So far apart. Marlene making phonograph records in imaginary conversation with Maria. Baby, in Germany, talking to mother on round disks. Records shipped across the sea to let them hear each other's voices. . . .

Then gossip began. Just an undercurrent. What were Marlene Dietrich and her director to each other? Why had Josef von Sternberg brought her from Europe? These whispers were easily perceptible to a woman of intuition like Marlene Dietrich. And she resented them. She did not yet know that for every ounce of screen success, Hollywood demands its pound of sex!

Her real name is Mary Magdalin von Losch, from which she has created the nickname Marlene. Her mother was a daughter of the head of the Conrad Felsing jewelry firm of Unter den Linden. Her father, Eduard von Losch, at the time of Marlene's birth in Weimar was a lieutenant in the Prussian army—a lieutenant in the select regiment known as "König."

In 1914, during the war, her father was commissioned a captain. Four years later he was killed on the Russian front. Marlene says nothing of the war. Her attitude is not one of bitterness, resentment. She was probably too young for that. And her later studies included English.

The war over, she attended the Augusta Victoria Lyceum, one of the foremost schools for young girls in Berlin. She studied the violin at Weimar and aspired to a musical career. Her dream was shattered by an ailment to her wrist. Max Reinhardt gave her permission to attend his school, where she enrolled in 1922. She played bits on the stage. Did extra work at the studios. They told her she could not hope for a screen career because her blonde hair photographed dead; her blue eyes, white. But Berthold Helm, a director at the Reinhardt school, introduced Marlene to Rudolf Sieber, a young Austrian assistant producer at UFA, and from that time on Marlene was given bits. For Sieber fell in love with her. They were married shortly after.

After Maria was born Marlene for a year led a life of domesticity. Then she returned to the stage in a musical piece, It's in the Air, and one of her song numbers swept the country. About this time she also sang a torrid number called Johnny, which was sung everywhere in Europe and is incorporated in her latest American-made picture, The Song of Songs.

Josef von Sternberg saw her in a skit, Two Neckties. He offered her the lead in Blue Angel, opposite Emil Jannings. "You are the type I have searched for," he said.

She laughed. "I have been in thirty pictures and all my features change on the screen." Von Sternberg told her the chromophoto process, already in common use in Hollywood, would take care of all that.

THEY made Blue Angel at UFA. Then, through Von Sternberg's efforts, Marlene was offered a contract by Paramount to go to America. To Hollywood.

Her husband thought the offer a great opportunity for her. But Marlene wept at the thought of leaving her home, her four-year-old Maria.

Von Sternberg heard a baby voice over the phone in his Berlin hotel room. "Is it right for my mamma to go to America? And will she be back soon?"

"Yes, she will come back soon," the director promised. Then Maria told her mother, "You must go. Buy me a doggy and I will think about him and not be lonesome."

To her husband Marlene confided that if baby had once cried, "Stay here!" she would have stayed. And it was the husband who stressed the importance of appreciation of what Von Sternberg was doing for her.

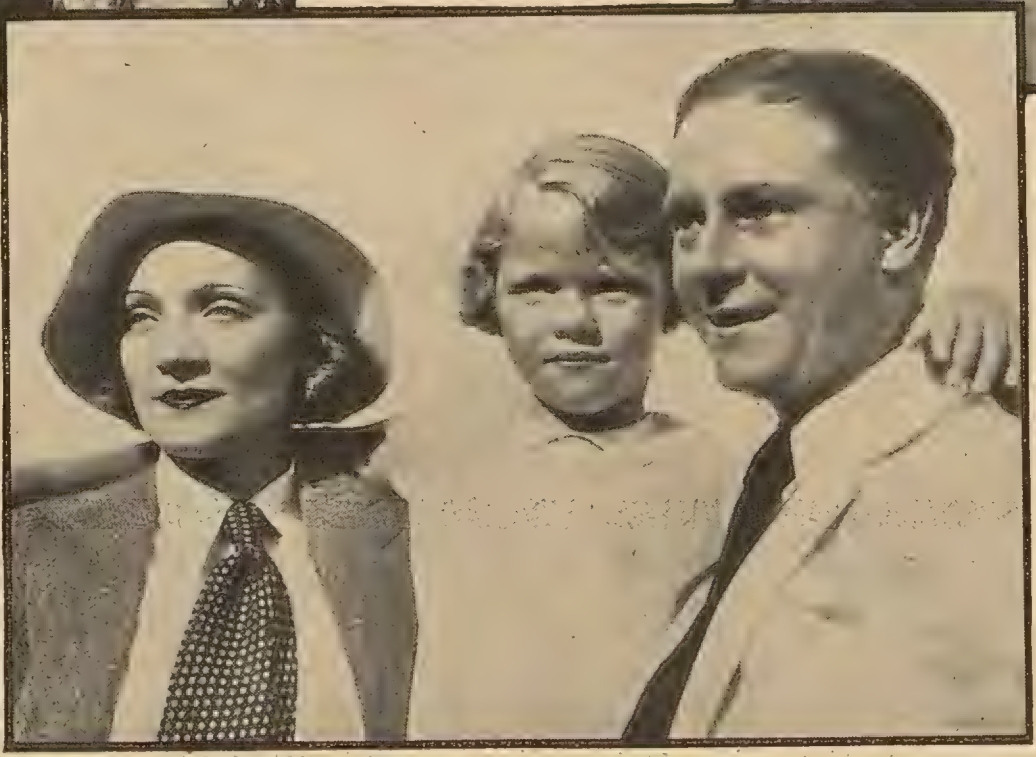
But there was one person who didn't in the least understand the temporary separation of this little German family. It was Mrs. von Sternberg, journeying abroad with her husband on their honeymoon.

B. P. Schulberg, now a Paramount producer, and Mrs. Schulberg were then abroad and one evening took supper at a café with the Von Sternbergs and Marlene Dietrich. The honeymooners had been quarreling. Marlene knew the cause and thought it ridiculous.

Differences in the appearance of Von Sternberg and Rudolf Sieber should have told the wife something.

The legs had It! Blue Angel gave us our first look at Marlene's attractions along these lines.

Paramount Pictures photos



Left, Marlene with Josef von Sternberg, to whose direction she is so loyal.

Right, Rita von Sternberg, who distrusted Marlene and sued for a divorce.

Below, Marlene with Maria, her baby, and her husband, Rudolf Sieber.

Acme photos

Von Sternberg is short, shaggily bewhiskered. He would never be called a handsome man.

Sieber is as blond as his wife and child and "winning in his way." He has the build of a perfect athlete. Many have said he should act rather than direct.

There were reports about Hollywood that Morocco—Marlene Dietrich's first American film—was a flop, though others said it would be a sensation. At the preview utter strangers accosted one another and agreed she was the most sensational discovery the screen had ever known.

Interviewers besieged her. "I am lonely in Hollywood. I know no one except Mr. von Sternberg," she civilly replied. "He is a great director. I am happy to work with him because I trust him." Inwardly she burned with resentment.

When Mrs. von Sternberg sued the star for alienation of affections and her husband for divorce, Marlene Dietrich withdrew from all social life. Steadfastly refused to be interviewed. In Europe divorces are handled quietly; there are no headlines.

She was deeply hurt. Hid from people. She asked if she could go abroad—and when she came back Maria and her husband came with her. They walked on the beach, rode rubber zebras in the pool with baby. Just a happy, healthy German family.

Further confounding the rumors, Von Sternberg was often with the trio. "Von for all and all for Von," said Hollywood.

SOON after the Lindbergh case Marlene received a missent letter threatening the abduction of her child.

Fear smote Marlene's heart. Her home was guarded. Barricaded. Von Sternberg also was threatened, and he took precautions. And just at this precarious time, Marlene's husband had to return to his work in Europe.

The danger to Maria was the last straw.

Immigration officials told her it would be difficult for her ever to return if she left the United States a second time. But that made no difference. However, despite her anxiety to get away, she had several months to go on her contract. Before she finally left for her vacation abroad, her fears had greatly diminished.

Her professional loyalty to Von Sternberg has never wavered. When the studio engaged another director Marlene refused to work under him. And won her point.

Then Von Sternberg's contract terminated last December. Rouben Mamoulian was engaged to direct her last American-made picture, The Song of Songs. Again she protested. And Hollywood whispered that she probably couldn't act at all without Von Sternberg and that she knew it!

PARAMOUNT'S suit forced her to accede. When the picture was shown, another fallacy was exploded, for her fine portrayal under another director proved that she is a really splendid actress who needs no Svengali.

There were new whispers that Marlene talked rather frequently to Chevalier on the Paramount lot. Then came the Chevalier divorce. But Rudolf Sieber came again to spend last Christmas with her. Again Rudolf, Marlene, and Maria were visibly a happy German family.

When handsome Brian Ahearn arrived to play opposite Marlene in The Song of Songs, Hollywood whispered again. Marlene was baking German cakes and bringing them to the studio for him. But nothing more serious than gratitude—or indigestion—resulted.

Marlene derived still more mischievous pleasure from startling blasé Hollywood. Everywhere she began to appear in tailored mannish clothes. She persisted until the awful pants craze unearthed all the bicycles in the nation, when she went all frilly feminine again. Since then she has returned to a trousered outfit.

This past summer Marlene did not go near Berlin but with baby Maria and her husband spent her vacation in Switzerland and Paris. Just before her departure for Europe, Paramount officials had previewed The Song of Songs and realized more than ever that she should continue to play in American-made pictures. If she could be induced to return!

A last-moment contract was signed allowing Von Sternberg to direct all her future pictures at Paramount. He and the star will also have the deciding voice in the selection of her stories.

Marlene plays Catherine of Russia in the first picture to be made under this arrangement. The "working title" of the picture is Catherine the Great.

Perhaps, after all, she may find her greatest freedom of expression in American studios. May become an American citizen and play here indefinitely.

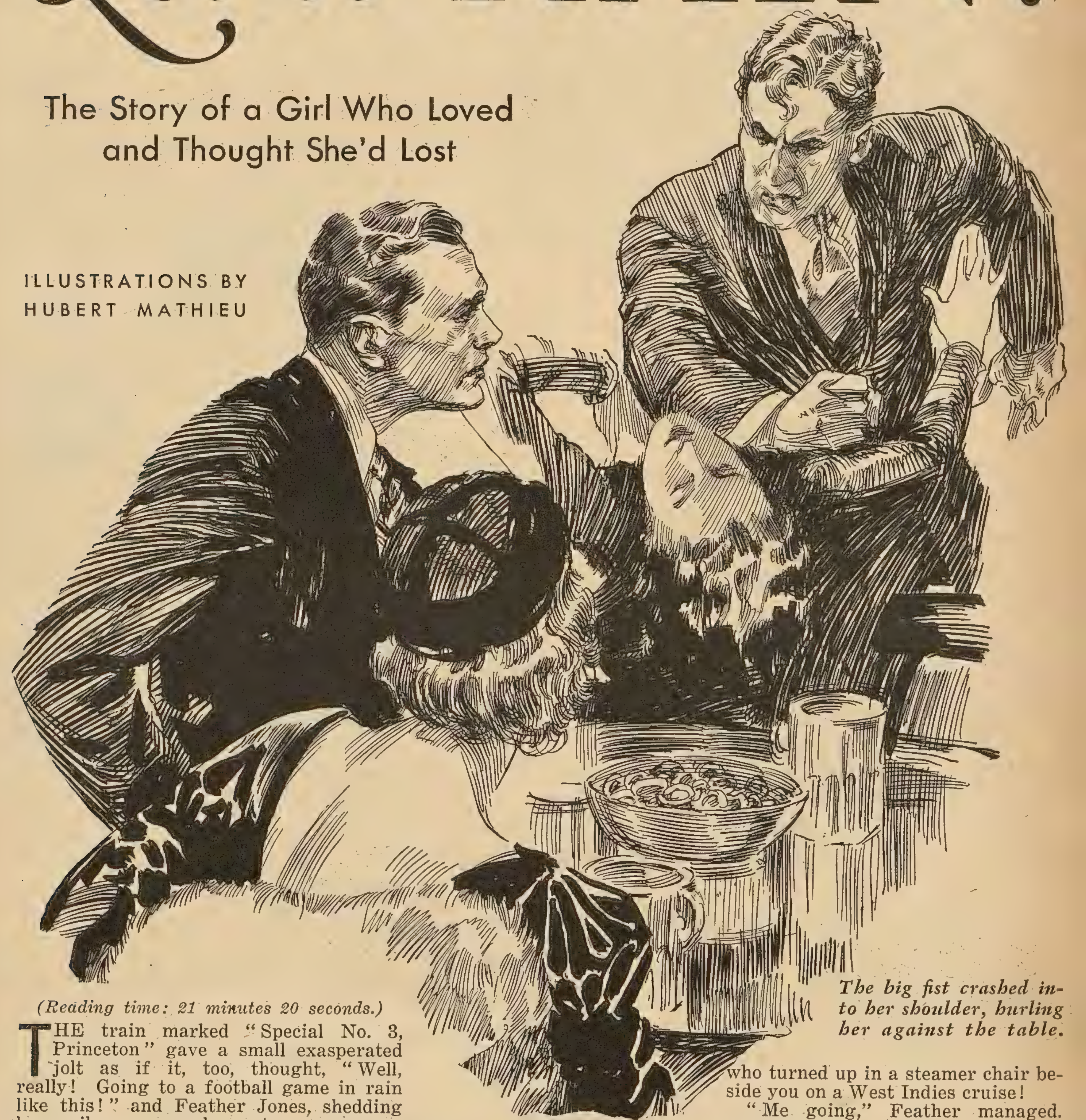
Welcome, *Fräulein*. That is all right by us!

THE END

Let it RAIN!

The Story of a Girl Who Loved and Thought She'd Lost

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
HUBERT MATHIEU



The big fist crashed into her shoulder, hurling her against the table.

(Reading time: 21 minutes 20 seconds.)

THE train marked "Special No. 3, Princeton" gave a small exasperated jolt as if it, too, thought, "Well, really! Going to a football game in rain like this!" and Feather Jones, shedding her silver caracul coat, swung up against some one coming down the narrow aisle.

"I'm sorry," she began. "I—"

She looked up—quite far up—and the apology died in her throat to make way for a wild thumping that must, surely, be audible to this great damp young man with the rain water still trickling over the brim of his hat.

"Feather!" he said. "You going?"

Like that. The way you might say it to a maiden aunt who turned up in a steamer chair beside you on a West Indies cruise!

"Me going," Feather managed. "From Chris to Feather, in token of his brotherly esteem and for favors rendered, one game at Princeton. I might add that his beloved Dodo Schott wasn't available. But you," she went on, beating down panic—"Chris said you and Daphie weren't going down with the gang. Chris said you and Daphie had seats in the parlor-car section."

The damp one towered over her. "We had. We have." Then, with a hint of apology in it, "I wanted to be with the gang, but Daphie can't go day coaches."

By FLORENCE LEIGHTON PFALZGRAF

Feather had a fleeting vision of Daphne in this day coach, this chilly dim day coach with lunch boxes and wet coats on bristly plush seats, and ginger-ale bottles on the cold floor. Daphie would tilt up her small white nose. Daphie would look up and down out of scornful tourmaline eyes at the noisy happy gang—Evan's gang—going back *hoi polloi* way for the big game. Daphie in this day coach, in any day coach? Oh, never! Daphie Vay was designed to ride in a perpetual parlor car with a cushion for her small admired feet and a pillow for her smart wise head with its careful swirl of blonde curls!

"You've changed," Evan was saying. "I'd hardly know you, Feather."

It took courage to flick back her brown lashes, to say fliply, "Compliment or otherwise?"

"Compliment," he said promptly. "By all means."

That went for the smallness of her, for the blue Angora dress and the cocky blue Angora hat and the way her nose turned up—the slightest bit—at the very tip. It went for her curly brown hair with sparkles of rain in it, and for her eyes the color a football sky should always be.

"You used to tell me to stay just as I was," she reminded him. "You used to say, 'Feather Jones, if you ever grow up, I'll spank you.'"

He grinned. "I guess I didn't know how successfully you would do it. Overnight too. Why, the last time I saw you—a month ago—"

"A year ago," Feather cut in. "The Navy game a year ago."

"You're kidding."

SHE stumbled on: "Chris says the gang hasn't seen you at all since—since—for a year."

"Daphie likes to go places," he explained. "Keeps me on the jump. But let's sit down, Feather. Let's hear all about you."

Feather's heart pounded like a trip hammer. "Hadn't you—better get back to the parlor-car section?" she ventured. "It—must be time—"

"The parlor-car section pulled out five minutes ago, Feather." Evan was peeling off his ancient topcoat. "I'm riding down with the gang."

"But Daphie—"

He shook his head and his grin faded. "Daphie isn't coming. The rain, you know. She says anybody who'd go to a football game on a day like this is pure—pure crazy."

In desperation Feather turned toward the gang. "Chris," she called. "Rick. Everybody. Here's Evan Farley."

The gang charged down the aisle. "Evan Farley!" Chris cried. "Well, I'll be damned!"

"The old man himself." That was Rick, thumping him on the back.

Rick's wife chirped up, "We thought you and Daphie—"

"Trying to high-hat us," said Chet Hastings. "Trying to give us the go-by."

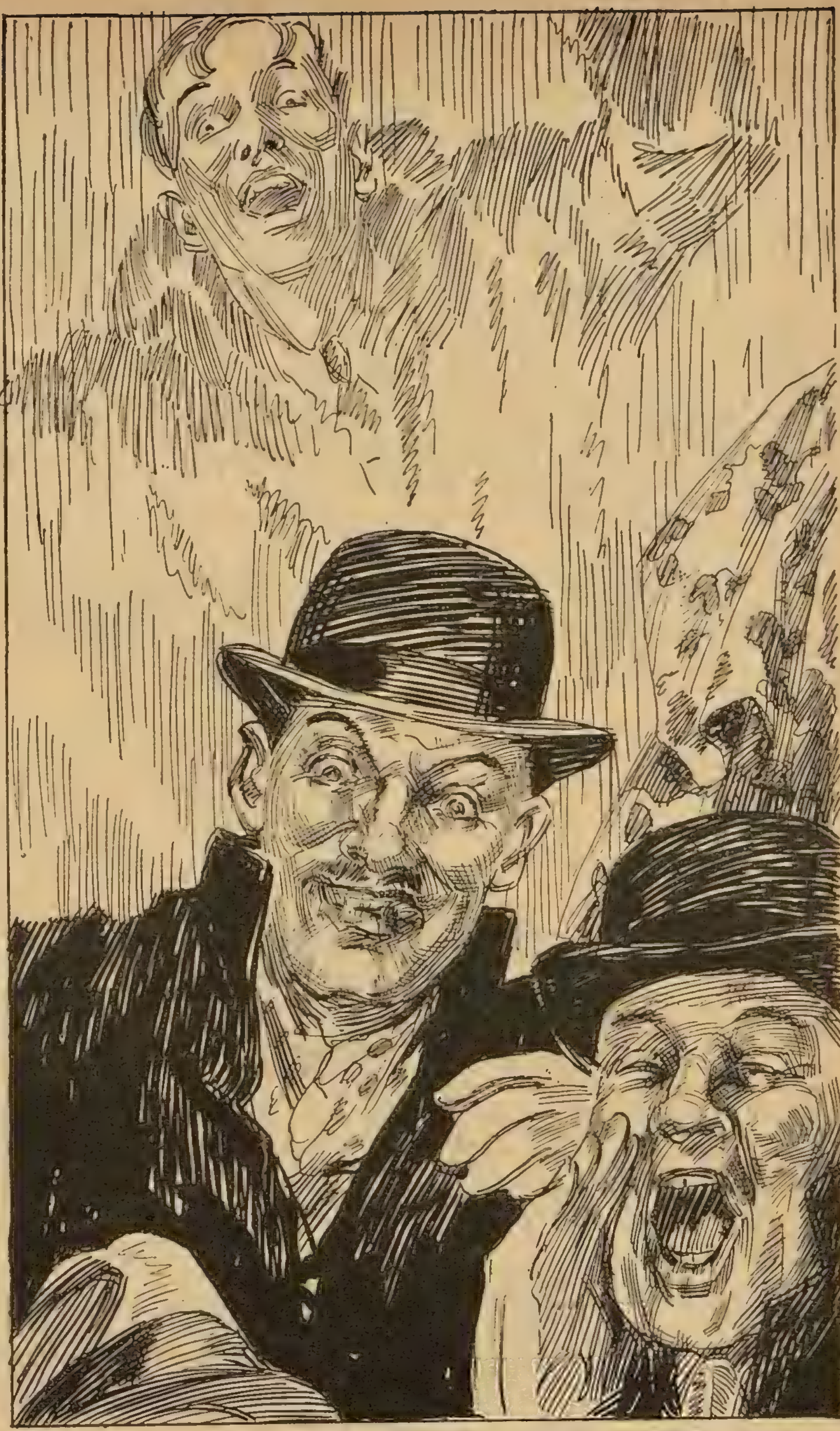
The voices rattled on.

"Where's Daphie?"

"Drink, Ev?"

"I saw it in the papers. St. Bartholomew's. January tenth. We'll be there, old man. We'll be there to throw rice. Keen-looker, Daphie Vay."

And then that funny little silence when there isn't any more than that to say about the girl a pal is going to marry.



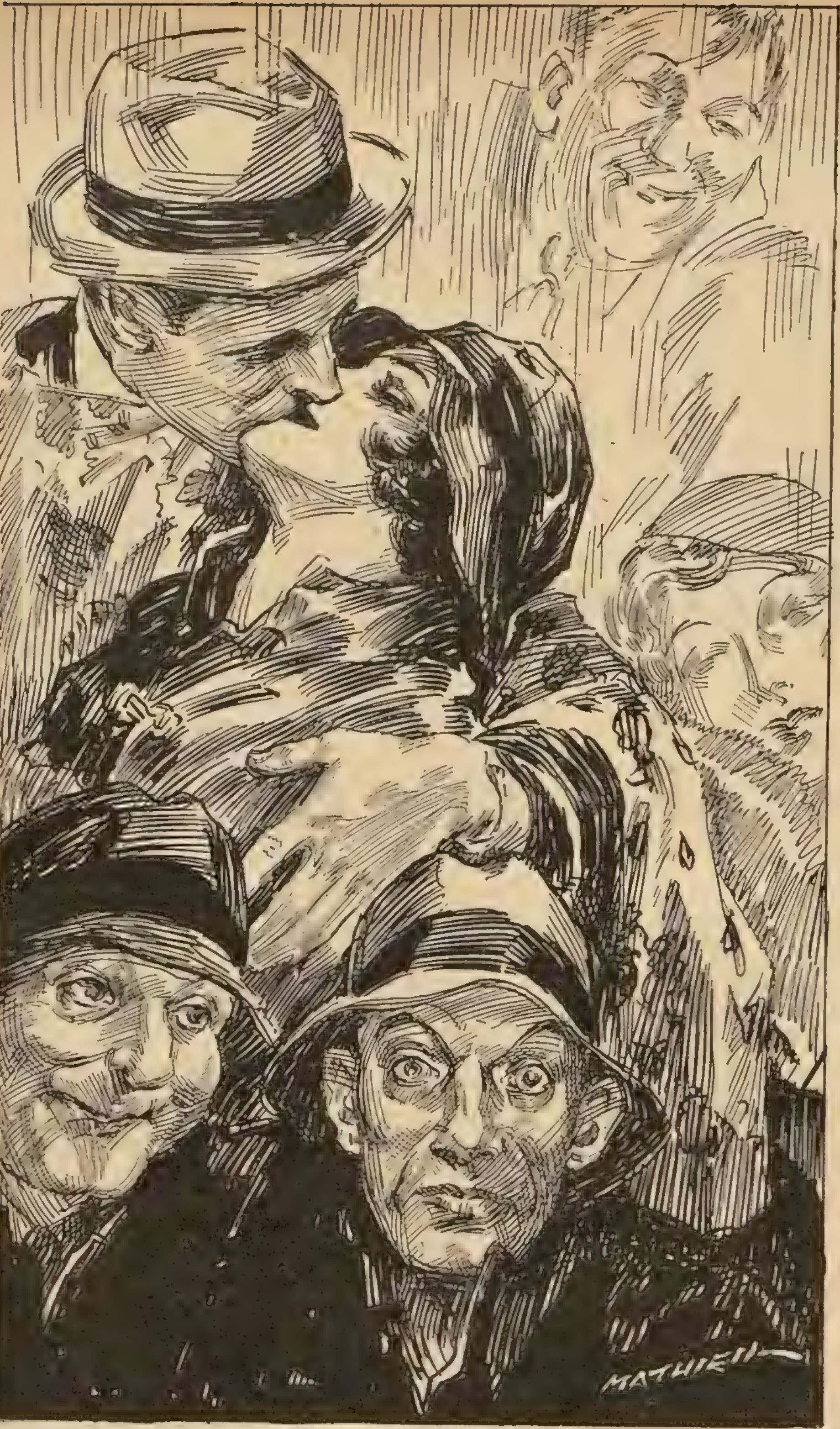
The ball sailed between the goal
off her feet. And he kissed her

Feather dodged down the aisle.

Daphne Vay in white satin with orange blossoms. Daphne Vay walking down a carpeted aisle to say, "I, Daphne, take thee, Evan—"

Feather's feet tapped swiftly on the cold floor. She reached the door. Funny—it was closed. It was closed and the train on the next track was backing up, faster, faster.

"I'll get off at Manhattan Transfer," she thought, but the train whizzed by without even slowing down. "I'll



posts. Evan lifted Feather right again, this time full on her lips.

get off at Newark." Newark was just a gray blotch going by.

Blue serge and gold braid shuffled into the vestibule.

"Doesn't this train stop anywhere, conductor?"

"Special to Princeton, miss. First stop, Princeton."

A whole bucketful of water sloshed up against the glass in the door. It rained once when Evan rowed on Carnegie and Feather flew along a muddy towpath to cry, "Evan, you're ahead! You're going to win!" It rained too that day after Junior Prom—"Hear about Evan Farley taking Chris Jones's kid sister to the prom? Was she thrilled!"—when they were all dressed up to go to Professor Somebody's for tea and rode back into Sourlands and went wading instead. And it was raining that morning last December when Feather picked up the Times and read the little black lines under the two-column cut of Daphne Vay on the society page.

Silly to cry. Listen to me, Feather Jones. This is just a hang-over from kid days. This isn't anything but hero worship. Evan Farley is just—just any old nice enough Princeton man two years out. Evan Farley is—

"Hello," some one said. "I've been looking for you. Doing what out here all by yourself?"

"Looking—looking at the scenery."

He said quietly, "You've been crying."

She tried to be flip. "Have I?"

"Why?"

"For fun. Because I like to cry. Because—"

"You tell me, Feather," he urged warmly. "I'm an old pal. I'll try to fix it up. If there's anything I can do—"

"There isn't anything you can do, Evan."

He stared at her out of deep serious eyes. "Do I know this guy?" he asked at last.

Feather's heart did a sad little scared jig. "Perhaps."

He looked almost gloomy. "You wouldn't want to tell me his name?" he hinted.

Feather shook her head.

"Or what he looks like?"

"He's short," Feather stammered. "He has blue eyes and—and red hair."

"Is he going to the game today?"

FEATHER was too frightened now to say anything. She merely nodded.

"So he's going," Evan said hotly, "with somebody else. The rat!" His eyes narrowed. "Listen, Feather. I've got a plan. You're not going to the game today with Chris. You're going with me. I'll rush you off your feet—galoshes and all. You'll stay down and have dinner with me and we'll dance. He'll see you, maybe, or he'll hear about it. Maybe he's one of those blind bats who need competition. Well, I'll give him competition!"

"No!" Feather cried.

Evan patted her hand. "Quiet, youngster. I'll go fix it with Chris."

She was panic-stricken. "You won't say anything to Chris about—about—"

"Not a word," he promised. "Not a— Why, hello, Morg!"

A sullen tow-headed one scowled at Evan and walked on without a word.

Evan looked worried. "That's Morgan Reddy," he explained. "Old T. J. Reddy's only son. He was kicked out senior year for running a roulette game, and he has a goofy idea that I was to blame because I warned him to go easy about a week before the dean caught up with him."

"He looks like a gorilla," Feather said.

"He is a gorilla," Evan agreed. "Even if his papa is the saint of Wall Street. But come along, Feather, we want to find Chris."

Chris didn't understand her panicky wigwagging. Chris said, "Why, sure, Evan, take her to the game. Take her to dinner. But be sure you're good to her. She's the only sister I have."

"Day for ducks," people said, crawling out of the train

. . . boys!

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at Princeton Junction. "Bring your water wings?" people said in Terrace over chicken salad and steaming coffee. "Why didn't we row over?" people said, sloshing through slippery mud, through wet cinders to the big cold concrete stadium.

For Feather, Evan found a man-sized yellow slicker and yellow oilskin sou'wester. For himself, he corralled an oilcloth tablecloth, purple with sprays of pink lilacs, and cut a slit in the center to make it a poncho.

The game went on and the gang stayed.

Some one carried the ball over the line and Princeton yelled. Some one carried it over the same line three times in the next quarter and Princeton did not yell. The rain roared down like a wide-open shower bath. The wind howled.

Two rows ahead a red-headed girl in oilskin beach pyjamas stood up suddenly. "I'm going, Ned. I'm too young to drown."

Evan turned to Feather. "How about it, Feather? Want to leave? They say it's going to rain."

"I thought I felt a drop," said Feather.

Evan looked up at the thick gray sky and the wind threw rain in his eyes. "I think we'll get some. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if we had a nice little shower before evening. Cool things off, too," he added, shivering.

The shiver stopped Feather. "You're cold," she said. "You want to leave."

He shook his head. "The name is Evan Bitter-End Farley. Just a fool for punishment. He thinks this is fun. But if the lady is drowning, if the lady would like to go back to Terrace and put herself through a wringer—"

"The lady, so called," Feather said promptly, "never did know when to come in out of the rain."

"We stay, then?"

"We stay, then."

FEATHER began to forget that Evan was just any old nice enough Princeton man two years out. Evan was Zeus on Olympus again. She looked up at him, yelling in the rain, ordering Princeton to come on.

Princeton came on. The ball went over the right line twice. When the rain lifted a little you could see "Princeton—21, Visitors—21" on the blackboard at the end of the field. Another kick-off. Princeton rushing the ball. A first down. A forward pass that was a miracle. Princeton's ball on the twenty-yard line. On the ten-yard line. On the seven-yard line.

Two down, five to go. Three down, one to go—

Touchdown!

Evan put his wet arms around Feather and squeezed her up against the oilcloth tablecloth. He bent down and kissed her on the chin. He pounded her on the back. He kissed her on the nose.

"Twenty-seven to twenty-one and only five minutes more of play! Oh, boy! Is this a game! Is this a game! Feather, we're watching Princeton make history. I wouldn't have missed this game for anything!"

The ball sailed between the goal posts and the number on the blackboard went up to twenty-eight. Evan lifted Feather right off her feet. "Who said Princeton can't play football?" he demanded. "What a game, Feather! What a game!" And he kissed her again, this time full on her red lips.

He set her down. "Feather," he pronounced unsteadily.

Feather hid quickly under the brim of her sou'wester.

He wasn't watching the kick-off at all. He was staring at the top of her oilskin sou'wester. He was saying jerkily, "This bozo, Feather, this one you're—this one that's worrying you—is he here?"

Feather nodded.

EVAN looked around. "He's short," he said in a funny voice. "What else?"

"Blue eyes. Blond hair. But I guess he's left, Evan. I guess he went out at the end of the half." And then, excitedly, "Oh, Evan, look!"

Down below a whistle blew and a bright sun, orange for Princeton, broke out to look at itself in giant puddles, to grin at the bedraggled water rats making for the stadium exits.

The gang came together down below to say they wouldn't have missed it, to say it was the best game they'd ever seen, and then Chris and Rick and the rest trailed off toward the station while Feather and Evan headed back for Terrace.

Laughing, they ran up the sun-splashed steps into Terrace and edged through the crowd.

"Oh, Evan," Feather began happily, "it's been—"

She stopped short. A girl on the stairs was staring at them out of cool tourmaline eyes, a girl in black velvet—dry black velvet—cut to show her smooth shoulders, her white throat.

Evan looked up. Then, swiftly, he dropped Feather's hand and walked to the staircase. "Daphie!" he exclaimed. "What in the world—"

The portrait in black velvet swayed slightly. "When I saw it was going to clear I asked Merle Murray to drive me down in his father's town car." She flicked her gray-green eyes over Feather again. "Hello, Feather. You look slightly weather-beaten."

Feather's tongue tumbled over itself. "I—went to the game."

Daphne's painted eyelashes lifted with a little smile. Daphne's painted eyelashes said, "You would," and then dismissed Feather for a more serious matter. She held her white fingers over the stair railing for Evan. "Darling, you look a mess. Do hurry and find some dry things. We're to drive up to Blue Hills as soon as Merle locates Ann Leeds."

Evan hesitated. "Feather and I—" he began.

Feather spoke up quickly: “Don't worry about me, Evan. I'll—I'll get back somehow.”

Evan didn't even consider the suggestion. “We'll get another man for you,” he went on. “We'll get Pete Daravelt.”

Daphie touched his dark rain-curly hair. “Why don't you let her go, darling? There really won't be room in Merle's car for an extra couple.”

“Pete has a roadster,” Evan countered. “Not much to look at, but it gets itself places.”

Pete's roadster got itself to Blue Hills, the white clapboard farmhouse where Feather played dummy all through an endless dinner while Daphie Vay and Ann Leeds did all the talking. It got itself back to Kingston, to a noisy place where Princeton and ex-Princeton waved beer mugs and felt glorious because the tiger had chewed up its worst enemy. Pete Daravelt whisked off to see some one named Henny Penny, and Merle Murray took Ann Leeds over to another table. Feather, for nervousness, tried to drink her mug of beer when she saw she was alone with Daphie and Evan.

Evan leaned across the table toward her. “Having a good time, youngster?”

“Having a good time, ancient man,” she lied valiantly.

Behind Evan the sullen Morgan Reddy was threading his way toward their table. His head wabbled on his shoulders. His lips were moving, his eyes burning with a queer light. Feather felt frightened. “Evan!” she cried. “Look—”

Daphie's short glance was sharp as a knife. “Evan—please! I'm speaking to you. I want my powder compact.”

Evan looked from Feather to Daphie and in that split second muscles bulged under Morgan Reddy's coat sleeve. Feather flung herself at him, but it was too late. The big fist intended for Evan's head crashed down into her shoulder, hurling her against the table, drowning out light, drowning out voices.

THERE was a siren somewhere wailing horribly when she opened her eyes again. Evan bent over her. Evan, with a trickle of blood on his forehead, asked anxiously, “Are you all right, Feather? Are you all right?”

A man in white knelt down beside a limp figure on the floor. A voice murmured, “I don't know. It may be a fractured skull. Lift him carefully.”

Blue serge and brass buttons grasped Evan roughly by the arm. Blue serge and brass buttons said, “It don't look so good for you, buddy. Maybe it's manslaughter. Sure, I know. You didn't do nuttin'. That's an old gag, buddy. Where's your witnesses, huh? Who seen him sneak up behind you?”

Feather lifted her head. “I did,” she said feebly.

Blue serge and brass buttons said, “Yeah?” suspiciously. “You and who else?”

“Why—why, Daphne Vay. Where's Daphie?” It was funny. Daphie had been right there.

Somebody found her over near the door with Merle Murray and brought her back.

“You know this Farley?” inquired the cop.

“Farley?” Daphie raised perplexed eyebrows.

“Yeah. Farley.” The policeman jerked his thumb at Evan. “This guy.”

Daphie stared blankly at Evan. “Why, no, officer. I never saw him before in all my life.”

Feather blinked. Blue serge and brass buttons said, “Yeah?” and turned to Evan. “You know this dame?”

Evan's reply was blunt: “No, I don't.”

DAPHNE smiled at the policeman. “See. I told you. And now, please, officer, may I go?” She turned and tucked her hand through Merle Murray's arm.

The policeman nodded.

“We'll go back to Terrace, Daphie,” Merle said with a significant look at Evan, “and wait for the others.”

“Youse two,” the policeman went on, addressing Evan and Feather after Daphie and Merle disappeared, “kin come along with me.”

A crowd buzzed around them at the police station. Hammers pounded on Feather's shoulders every time any one brushed past her. Her eyes burned. She sneezed once and jammed back a second sneeze because Evan looked so worried. Bail. A long talk about bail. The man at the desk said they'd have to wait until the report came through from the hospital. “But the girl can go,” he added. “I'll have the lieutenant run her back to her people.”

“I'll stay,” Feather announced.

“Go ahead, Feather,” Evan urged. “Let him drive you over to Terrace. And you'd better let a doctor look at that shoulder.”

Feather tried to smile. “Please, Evan, don't chase me away. I like police stations.”

It was ages later before the telephone bell tinkled and a little squeak over the wires informed the desk sergeant that Morgan Reddy had suffered a slight concussion but he'd be all right in the morning after he sobered up.

A clock somewhere chimed one when blue serge and brass buttons dropped them at Terrace and they dragged themselves wearily up the front steps.

“We'll telephone your mother,” Evan said, “to let her know you're all right. If we can't get a train back I'll get you a room at the Inn. Feather, you're the gamest little sport I—”

And then, suddenly, there was Daphie, her arms outstretched. “Darling!” she cooed. “You're back! How marvelous!”

Unnoticed Feather dropped down on the window seat.

“You didn't mind, dearest, did

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you?" Daphie murmured sweetly. "I knew father would have a perfect fit if I got my name in the newspapers. So I said to Merle, 'I'm just going to pretend I don't know him at all.' It worked beautifully, didn't it? And wasn't it clever of Merle to let you know where to look for us after you fixed up everything?"

Daphie's white hands stroked Evan's face.

"Poor darling. Are you ready to leave? Merle's chauffeur is having a perfect fit—waiting so long. I suppose we'll have to take the Jones child along with us."

There was a little silence. In the half darkness Feather could see Daphie reach up and kiss Evan, could see Evan's hands cupped tightly around her white shoulders.

"Daphne," he said in a deep choked voice, "come back into the porch. I want to tell you something."

Daphne clung to his arm. "Darling!" she whispered.

Feather buried her face in a brown leather cushion. It wasn't any use. It wasn't any use pretending that Evan Farley was just any old nice enough Princeton man two years out. Evan Farley was—Evan Farley. Zeus on Olympus. Forever and ever. Even after—after he stood tall and dark before banks of ferns and white lilies with Daphie Vay. Feather Jones was just Chris Jones's kid sister, just a tag-along, a— a— "Don't go to sleep," she whispered sharply to herself. "Feather Jones, you must not go to sleep. You—"

Quick as a wink a wagon wheel rattled and a bottle clinked on stone. Feather raised her head. That was—was a milk wagon rolling along the street. And the rain—soft, fine, persistent rain—slanted down out of a sky that was, that must be, a morning sky.

They'd forgotten her! Daphie and Merle and Evan had gone off and forgotten her! She'd have to get out of Terrace. Swiftly, before any one discovered her. Before—

SHE rubbed her eyes. It wasn't! It couldn't be! Not Evan, stretched out there in the deep armchair with his head back against the red leather cushion!

His eyes fluttered open. "Hello," he said sleepily.

"You went home," Feather said flatly.

"Did I?"

"You went home in Merle Murray's town car with Merle and Daphie."

He sat up straight and shook his head. "No, it doesn't go like that. It goes like this: Daphie and Merle went home in the town car." His eyes smiled at her from under dark tousled eyebrows. "I wouldn't be surprised if the newspapers carried two stories about a poor sap named Evan Farley today. For one thing, there's that business about Morg. I'm expecting Daphie to contribute the other—one of those squibs headed 'Broken by Mutual Consent.'"

Feather blinked. "You don't mean you and—and Daphie—"

He nodded. "I do mean me and—and Daphie," he said, imitating her. He pulled his chair closer to the window seat. "That business last night woke me up, Feather. I want an all-weather girl, not one who vanishes when the sun goes under. There's that word 'worse' in the marriage ceremony, you know. I want a girl who knows what that means. I told Daphie last night—when we came back.

"I didn't mean to tell her quite so much," Evan went on, studying his hands. "I only meant to scold her for the way she spoke about you, Feather, and for leaving me in the lurch in Kingston. I—well, I usually stick to my contracts. But I'm not quite as deaf, dumb, and blind as I have been. The way she ran into Merle Murray's arms—" He shivered. "But let's not talk about those people, Feather. Let's talk about us. We'll have to clear out soon—before Princeton wakes up. We can borrow Pete Daravelt's roadster."

FEATHER studied the wet landscape. "It's raining," she said, just for something to fill up the empty chink in the conversation.

Evan leaned closer. "Feather," he began, "about that man you're in love with—"

She turned quickly to meet his eyes. "What man I'm in love with?"

"The one you told me about yesterday."

Red ran up into her face. She said, "Oh—yes."

"What color is his hair this morning?"

She blinked.

"Yesterday morning," Evan told her, "his hair was red. Yesterday afternoon it was blond."

"I didn't—" began Feather, panicky.

"You did," Evan replied solemnly, shifting over to the window seat. "And now I want the truth. I have my suspicions. I've had the grandest suspicions ever since I celebrated that last touchdown yesterday, but maybe I'm just kidding myself. Tell me, Feather, what color is his hair today?"

Her eyes came up from the toe of her shoe. Her eyes met Evan's eyes.

"It's black, Evan," she admitted. "It's always been—"

But she didn't finish. Evan wouldn't let her finish, and a whole regiment of raindrops beat applause on the windowpane.

THE END

ANSWER TO
JUMBLEJEM ON PAGE 24
Mantilla

The Letters Samuel Insull *Wrote* Me

Wide World photo
Sam Insull, now in the land that he befriended.

Here They Are for the World to Read—The Remarkable Record of How the Fallen Industrial Emperor Revealed Himself to the Opera Star Who "Reminded Him of His Mother"

From the intimate memoirs of

MARY McCORMIC,
PRINCESS MDIVANI

As told to BASIL WOON

Mary McCormic today. "Certainly I am not yet ready to take up knitting!" she avers.

(Reading time: 18 minutes 15 seconds.)

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

I WAS eager for the Adriatic to reach France, impatient to see Floyd Gibbons. As the ship neared Gibraltar I sent Floyd a wireless, addressed to Paris. The next day, to my astonishment, I received an answer from him—dated Algiers, the very port our ship was at that moment approaching.

"I'm on my way to Timbuktu," he told me on the dock, after we had clasped hands, "across the Sahara Desert."

"Why?" I asked.

"To forget you," he said, smiling.

The truth more likely was that he hoped the hot suns would cook from his bones inflammatory rheumatism.

The next few days were like pages from Paradise. Never have I known such a companion, such a *man*, as Floyd Gibbons was in those days. In the cathedral-like salon of the Hotel St. Georges I sang to Floyd for the first time—to Floyd alone, though the room was filled with people—and that night when I retired I found the bed covered two inches deep with violets. . . .

The next day I sailed, and the day afterward Floyd's expedition got under way for Timbuktu.

My second winter in Italy saw me obtaining engagements in small opera companies which, formed at Milan, were sent out to tour the smaller Italian towns. This was my great test, for if a singer can be acclaimed by the small Italian towns she can sing anywhere in Italian.

The director of one company became my friend owing to an incident that occurred at Savona. I hadn't met him until then, and, my agent having told him that I wished to sing Cavalleria Rusticana and Pagliacci, he sent for me to hear me sing the rôles. He listened in gloomy silence.

"The fact is," my agent said afterward, "Signor —— has a --a friend," and he named another woman in the company.

"She, too, desires to sing those rôles—"

"So *that* is how it is done!" I exclaimed.

The next day I sought out the director, whose "friend" was still in Milan, and deliberately used every bit of flattery, every provocative trick I knew. Then I asked if the dear director would not like to hear me sing for him again—in my hotel. I valued his opinion so much, I said.

A few days later the director's "friend" arrived, to discover that I had been announced not only for Cavalleria Rusticana and Tosca, but for La Bohème and other operas as well. One of the cast came to me and stammered that I had better leave Savona—she carried a knife in her stocking and was uttering threats.

IN answer I got some members of the company together and marched them down to the beach, where I drew a revolver and displayed my skill by breaking small rocks at thirty paces. I had always been a good shot with a gun. "Go back and tell that woman I'm from Texas!" I said dramatically. They evidently did, for that night my rival took train for Milan. Thereafter the director became a nuisance, and I finally left Italy to escape him.

With Floyd most of the time in Paris, I felt lonely, and returned to France, where the inspiration came to me to study French opera. The results were all I could have dreamed, though more than a year was to pass before I could make my début at the Paris Opéra. Meanwhile I lay for months at death's door with bronchial pneumonia.

"That's what makes 'em wild"
Floyd
Paris, May 1st/24

Floyd Gibbons as sheik. Never has Mary known such a MAN!

Between 1921 and 1931, when I married Serge Mdivani, Insull was like a fairy godfather to me. When I needed money, the wand waved and gold poured over the Atlantic. Actually and legally it was my own money. But Insull was the magician who made ten, twenty, fifty dollars grow where I had earned but one. Often I forgot even to acknowledge the drafts that arrived, and this annoyed Sam intensely. Almost every letter he wrote me warned that I was spending too much and pleadingly requested that I send him a list of my expenses. A characteristic letter from him was the one dated July 6, 1925. He began by describing his simple pleasures:

> I did nothing more exciting yesterday than to ride on top of a bus to Grant's Tomb in the afternoon, and Sunday evening I went to hear the Seventh Regiment giving a free concert in Central Park. Certainly such harmless amusements should not lead to a sleepless night, but I could not sleep, so thought I would get up and write to you and give you a piece of my mind, as I am really mad!! with you, for I have not had a word from you since you wired me some time before June 20th, saying you might need some money.
>
> I cabled you I would send it, then the next day cabled you I had sent it, and I don't know to this day whether you have received it; nor did I receive a word from you that you had arrived [in Europe] all right. Do you wonder at my being mad and kicking? You may not be very attentive to me, but *courtesy demands* (does that sound mad enough?) that some kind of acknowledgment is needed when you receive a remittance of funds. If it is not too expensive to cable that you had *received* it, instead of leaving me to draw the *inference* that you must have received it as otherwise (knowing you as I do) *you would have cabled a second request.* However, I do not remain mad very long with you. I have got it off my chest, so I will now postpone the balance of my mad until I see you!!!

Except when newspapers carried the story of my intended marriage to Serge Mdivani, this was the nearest thing to a reproof I ever received from Samuel Insull, but never a letter came without its little lecture. In November, 1925, he wrote me from Chicago:

> I am going home tomorrow, my birthday. I will be sixty-six, and cannot help feeling I have much to be thankful for. I have fine health and a fine business reputation and have achieved a position of power and influence which, of course, I never dreamed possible for a boy who had no influence, no money, and no family to push him. However, I had one great asset, a dear old mother who fired my ambition and encouraged me when things looked black. How I wish she could have lived to see the rounding out of my career as it has developed since her death seven years ago.

How fortunate, perhaps, that she did *not* live—to see the tragic end of it!

> Everything has not gone just as I would have wished [the letter continued]. It has been no bed of roses—but I have a boy whose confidence I have and who has my confidence and who, if he lives to my age, will uphold the honor of the name. *This is of infinitely more consequence than the mere financial success.* When one gets success, money is the least concern. It is reputation that counts, that brings more influence and power and greater pleasure than any multimillionaire can get out of his money. You may think fortune has toyed with you unkindly, but you have lots to be thankful for: a daughter who worships you! A fine presence! Not bad looking! A superb voice!—and, if you will be careful to nurse it back to normal, a fine constitution. Just have a little patience and work hard and keep a level head and you will find things will come your way.
>
> Keep your feet on the ground, and when success comes do not let it run away with you. *The most difficult time is when you have the first great rush of success.* That is when people make fools of themselves. . . .

MANY believe the great Insull collapse was hastened by the fact that the Civic Opera took so much of his time and money and caused him so much anxiety. On January 5, 1926, he wrote:

> Garden seems on much better terms with Polacco, and he is correspondingly hard to deal with. However, it is all in the job. I never ought to have allowed myself to get into the opera to such an extent that it has become a burden to me. Most of the people are so insincere. . . .

The year before, he had written:

> You are not the only one who has troubles and burdens and worries. I feel mine very much today. . . . The opera takes an awful lot of my time and I am just getting ready to try to put over the $500,000 five-year guarantee fund. It means pledging $2,500,000 over a period of five years—quite a tidy sum. I wonder if I will succeed? *I must, somehow.* If I get through with that, I am going to try to work out a scheme to finance a good opera house, concert hall, and office building for the benefit of the opera. It means raising $7,500,000 more. So you see I have lots to do. It is well to keep busy. It keeps your spirits in better shape.

On January 17, 1926, a Sunday he was spending in the quiet of his farm near Chicago, he wrote me:

The critics this morning have their annual criticism. Moore says we should only produce half the number of operas. I agree with him, but the subscribers do not agree with either of us, and we cannot give opera to empty benches. Then Gunn, after throwing a few bouquets, tells us we run the business all wrong. Polacco has evidently been filling him up with a lot of misinformation. . . . However, the best way is to grin and bear it and keep one's mouth shut. The only satisfaction I get is that I think I am doing something for the community that has done so much for me. . . .

Somehow, I cannot write much this morning. I am kind of down in the mouth. I suppose I am tired. I have arrived at a time of winter when I wish some one else had some of my numerous jobs. I have lived so much in the public eye. *Unjust criticism hurts me very much, wounds me*, but people do not know this. I laugh and say I pay no attention to it. Today I am getting it in opera—last week I got it from the mayor on traction. I suppose next week I will get it from some muckraking politician or magazine writer. One forgets the bouquets but remembers the knife in the back. So you see this is one of my blue mornings. There is only one cure and that is hard, steady work.

It broke Sam Insull up when Mary wed this Prince Mdivani.

THERE were constant clashes between Insull and Mary Garden, revealed by his letters to me. But he was in facetious mood in January, 1926, when he wrote from New York: "I have taken my passage on the Aquitania March 20th. Mary Garden told me she has taken passage on the same boat. How Chicago will talk! However, I will be protected by two stalwart bodyguards, so I shall be safe!!!"

Mary Garden never said anything in her letters to me against Insull, although privately she was occasionally caustic. In December, 1925, she wrote me: "I had a long talk with Mr. Insull. Really, Mary, the more I know that dear man the more I admire him. We talked a long time about you. I told him how glorious I found your voice and your Thaïs—and he was *delighted*. He has worried over your going to Cairo. He said your health was not yet perfect enough. . . . Now, you just stay in your lovely villa and sing in Monte Carlo instead of Cairo. I think, dear girl, you will find that interesting and certainly Mr. Insull will be happier."

I did bow to Insull's wishes and sang at Monte Carlo.

And now go back several years, to Paris in spring, to Floyd Gibbons's apartment in the Rue Reynouard. Since Gibbons's return from North Africa we had been together a lot. I adored him. That was when I thought men could be faithful. . . .

Floyd had a secretary, a high-born lady. He always arranged matters so that we never met. One day, however, I arrived too promptly for an appointment—Floyd always counted on my being at least half an hour late. From a window he saw me alight from my car. As I went up in the elevator, the secretary was going down the stairs.

Floyd let me in, then went around into the bathroom to change. Sometime previously I had given him a number of photographs, autographed (some of them rather affectionately) to him.

All of these photographs, which had been hung about the room, had disappeared!

Rummaging around, I found the photographs in the top drawer of a bureau, where they had been deposited hastily by Floyd, who had had no time to put them up again. It did not take a woman's intuition to read its proper significance into this incident! I took the photographs and put them between the pages of a magazine. When Floyd came out, dressed, I asked to take the magazine home, but said nothing about the photographs. Inside, of course, I was seething.

Weeks went by, and then one day Floyd was in my apartment, looking for something—I've forgotten what. "You might find it in that drawer over there," I said. He pulled open the drawer so that its contents spilled out. Among them were the photographs. Floyd stared at them, his mouth open. I couldn't help laughing.

"Why—" he said, "where did you get these? I've turned my apartment upside down looking for them! I even fired my maid because I thought she'd thrown them out!"

He started to take them, but I stopped him. "No, Floyd," I said, "you can never have a signed picture of me again."

That was the beginning of the end of my romance with Floyd Gibbons. My heart still skips a beat when I think of him and we are still friends.

Insull was devotion itself during my long illness. He made a flying trip to Paris, during which he made me sign a will, and told the hospital authorities absolutely no expense must be spared to make me well again.

Every letter after he returned to the States contained fears for my health and admonitions to me to look after it.

My daughter Riba had joined me, at Insull's insistence, in Paris, and had been placed in school in Switzerland. When I moved to the Riviera I took her with me. I told him I wanted to buy a villa near Monaco. Writing from the Aquitania, he expostulated:

> I thought Monte Carlo was cheap, and that you were going there to avoid taxes. You cannot do that if you buy a home in France. . . . I am worried about you, fearful of your taking cold. Monte Carlo is, I have always thought (and indeed all the French Riviera) *dangerous* at sundown. However, it is not much use my worrying. I am going back home with abiding faith that you are going to achieve. I do not always agree with your way of going at it, but I have unlimited confidence in your desire to work and achieve. Always be sure I want to serve you, and believe me always
>
> Yours most sincerely,
>
> SAM.

I KEPT urging my wish to buy the villa at Cap d'Ail—I had leased it for the season meanwhile—and finally, from Cleveland, Insull wrote saying that I could afford it and that he would bring my money over when he came in early spring. He inclosed a long list of questions that I was to answer: What was the down payment? What would be the carrying charges? What taxes would I have to pay? How many servants would I require? How many servants would be necessary to keep the villa in condition when I was not living there? Etc., etc.

Late that winter Insull wrote and cabled me that he was visiting Europe with two friends—Harry L. Stuart and J. H. Gulick. Stuart (of Halsey, Stuart & Co.) was continuing with Insull after a visit to Germany. Insull was intimately allied with Stuart's firm and with the Chase National Bank in the sale of Insull securities, and their visit to Europe was in connection with a deal of a magnitude as yet undreamed of—nothing less than the creation of a world trust of utilities and power. They had come to confer with Hugo Stinnes, Jr., who was to be the directing head in Germany, and had brought with them a check for $25,000,000 as their participation in the enterprise. Or so Insull told me later.

He asked if I could act as hostess to Stuart and himself during their stay on the Riviera. I could and did. Their visit turned out, however, to be anything but exciting. Insull and Stuart talked business from morning until night, rolling millions around like tenpins. You could not have called either of them a spendthrift.

When they arrived they came in a taxi from Nice, to bring me back to their hotel for dinner. Stuart stayed out in the taxi and Insull came hastily in. The first thing he did was to deliver a payment of my capital for the villa. As I took my time about dressing, he grew impatient, and I heard him fidgeting.

" What's the hurry? " I called.

" That bandit driving the taxi will charge another ten francs if you do not come quickly! "

He could talk of $25,000,000 to young Stinnes without blinking an eyelash—but when it came to a ten-franc charge by a taxi driver he was outraged!

It being Stuart's first trip to the Riviera I took them around the local sights and suggested a visit to the casino. Insull looked doubtful, but they agreed. When we got to the casino all they wanted to do was listen to the concert. I couldn't get them near the gambling rooms. Insull finally and grudgingly gave me 100 francs (four dollars then) to play roulette. But Stuart frowned disapprovingly.

" I utterly dislike gambling—it is a vice! " he said, his lips pressed tight, banker fashion.

" Why, you two have talked all day of nothing but the stock market and the millions you expect to make! " I said, amused.

" That," Stuart frowned, " is business! "

I wonder what he calls it now.

Insull, it appeared, was to be the dominating head of the projected trust, which was to spread its tentacles over all the civilized world. Utilities, water power, transportation, coal mines, gas were among the things they meant to control. " Why," I cried, " you would be the most powerful man in the world—another Napoleon! " Sam Insull smiled grimly. " Napoleon," he said, " was only a soldier! "

IN the years 1930 and 1931 matters were narrowing to a crisis with Insull. He was more and more worried each time I saw him. His dividend checks to me were smaller and fewer. When once I complained, he wrote me (September 9, 1931): " I was amused to get your letter about what you should receive in times like these. *We are all lucky to get anything.*"

Until the final crash, however, Insull never lost his optimism, his abiding faith in the recuperative powers of the United States. To the very last he insisted that the depression was due to end. In Chicago especially he had abiding faith. " When will people realize [he wrote in 1930] that we are building for the future, not for the present —for the future which will be so much bigger and grander than any of us now realize? "

Nevertheless, the tune his letters had played up to 1929—on July 20 of that year he wrote: " That thousand shares of my new Utility Investment stock could have been sold on the Chicago market yesterday for nearly $50,000, so you see you are growing rich "—changed noticeably as the depression grew deeper.

August 10, 1931, he wrote: " It has been a very unpleasant spring and summer. Just everlasting work and all kinds of woes of people in trouble as a result of the panic and depression. It looks as though things are improving a little, but I am wondering if the bad conditions of Europe, including England, will act on us in an adverse manner and check our improvement."

And, barely ten days later: " The opera season prospects are not overgood. They are influenced by the business situation, which is very much prejudiced by the European situation. . . ."

Insull hated the idea of my romance with and marriage to Prince Serge Mdivani and remonstrated rather bitterly with me on the subject. On August 4, 1929, when Serge and I were beginning to love each other, he wrote me: " You do get some strange advertising. Now they are saying you are going to marry the discarded prince of a movie star. Cannot you do better than that for a news stunt? "

When the romance culminated in my going to California to wait for Serge's divorce, he wrote me (April 2, 1931):

" *You must have it pretty bad when you will throw up all you have achieved* and go off to the end of the earth and sit down and wait for a man to become disentangled so that he can marry you. . . . It seems kind of pathetic when I recall all you have gone through to get as far in your profession as you have. . . ."

THE day I married Serge, Insull sent me " hearty congratulations "—addressed to Mary McCormic! He would never use my married name.

When Insull stocks had crashed I saw Insull in Chicago. He looked ill and very old. He smiled at me sadly. " Well, Mary," he said, " it looks as if I shall not be able to save Insull Utilities, but I expect to save Middle-West."

Two weeks later Middle-West went into a receivership. When that happened I saw Insull. Tears were in his eyes. " Oh, Mary! " he said. " Believe me, I don't care about myself—I have lost all my fortune—and I am not so very worried about you. But those poor people! Those poor people, Mary, who invested because they trusted me! I would rather have died than that this should have happened to them."

Cynics will say that these were histrionics. I know they were not. Autocrat—yes. Headstrong promoter—perhaps. But crook? Never!

I had a letter the other day from Insull, in Greece.

DEAR MARY [he wrote], I am under arrest here and they have put me in the maternity ward of a hospital. They are very kind to an old man and I have no complaints. I hope you are happy and that your health is good. I am not very well, but I do not allow myself to dwell too much on what has occurred. After all, there is a certain satisfaction in knowing that, if I erred, it was not in purpose. I can look back on my life and truthfully say that I have never shirked work or responsibility and that I did my duty as I saw it. My hope is that, when everything is told, others will realize this too.

His prophecy came true: my marriage with Prince Serge Mdivani ended unhappily. Insull himself is gone from my life forever.

Opera is in the doldrums. What is in store for me? Will it be vaudeville? Radio? Will opera return to favor?

Will it be another man? Well, certainly I am not yet ready to take up knitting!

I don't know what the future holds, and I am glad I don't know. Facing the unexpected is so much more fun!

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is a trapezium?
2—What Italian composer wrote twenty-six operas?
3—What is the meaning of the term *modus operandi?*
4—Who was Alan Seeger?
5—How are United States war vessels named?
6—Who was Freya?
7—What was the real name of the Confederate general known as "Stonewall" Jackson?
8—Who was the dauphin?
9—What is a ewe?
10—Who commanded Spain's " Invincible " Armada?
11—What is a tellurian?
12—Desert rat means what?
13—Who commanded the Union army at Gettysburg?
14—To what city was the seat of the French government removed in the early days of the World War?
15—When and by whom was Blarney Castle built?
16—Who founded the Society of Friends or Quakers?
17—What is meant by the term " ghost writer "?
18—What is Joseph Stalin's real name?
19—Who invented basketball, and when?
20—Who was Ignatius de Loyola?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 5 minutes 2 seconds.)

ALL by herself she can down a quart of champagne and still be a perf-hic lady.

That's what she told me. Why shouldn't I believe her? For sixteen years this lady of American birth has been, as you might say, a champagne queen in France. She was Nina Crosby of New York. Now she is la Marquise de Polignac, wife of the man who makes France's famous Pommery champagnes.

Marquise de Polignac

"At home," she said, "we drink champagne with lunch and dinner. We drink it at tea time. Every employee at the plant gets three free bottles a day. My son, now thirteen, had his first taste of champagne when he was twenty minutes old."

Reader alive! Isn't that the life? Of all the American women who have married French noblemen, I call her the luckiest. All her chillun got champagne!

She is over in this country for the first time in fifteen years. She's here drumming up trade for hubby's bubbles. You'd be surprised by all there is to know about the bubble business. Ever hear of red champagne? They have it, and the name of it is a pip. They call it Bouzy. Bouzy is too delicate for export, so you can't sample it outside of France.

"A good grape year," said la marquise, "means high jinks for the wine workers—prosperity—lots of lovemaking in the vineyards."

She tells me this year's crop was a big one. So the people of the champagne country are looking forward to an increase in population. That's what always happens after a big grape harvest.

TWO girls were devoted friends. One married, and her husband had a marriageable brother. She set out at once to make a match between her friend and the nice brother-in-law. She kept at it vigilantly, promoting an all-in-the-family atmosphere, shooing other suitors away, until her friend laughed and said:

"For goodness' sake, why are you so anxious to have me marry that brother-in-law of yours?"

"Well," was the answer, "I'm awfully fond of you both, and all four of us have such good times together. If either of you should marry a stranger it would break things up."

"Don't worry," said the girl friend. "We're engaged. We're just as anxious as you are not to have strange in-laws."

That was an actual case. I know the young people quite intimately. And I think it was not an uncommon case. From my observation of modern families I am led to believe the same sort of thing happens time and again. Sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law are the matchmakers of today. Parents no longer dare voice an opinion as to whom their children should or should not marry. But the young generation itself—in theory so harsh against matchmaking—does plenty of arguing and conniving to get *regular guys* married in for the family bridge game.

AN excitable lady of my acquaintance mislaid her beloved dachshund. Through the lost-and-found column of a newspaper she learned that a doctor had found a dog. The paper gave her the doctor's name and phone number. The lady called him up.

"Have you got my dog?" she demanded breathlessly.

"I have *a* dog," the doctor replied.

"What's his name?"

"My dear madam, how do I know his name? I can't talk dog language. You'd better ask him yourself. I'll put him on the phone."

The doctor held the dog up to the phone. The lady screamed, "Rudel, Rudel! Here, Rudel!" The dog began to bark and to squirm with joy.

"He's your dog, all right," laughed the doctor. "Come and get him."

WE can't all be girls with golden eyes, but if we keep up with the very last word in fashion we may soon be girls with golden eyelids. Or silver ones. I hear that gold and silver eyelid paint is the latest nifty among new Paris make-up tricks. They say that dark eyes look terrifically alluring under golden lids. Use silver lids for blue eyes.

"A SMILE is the only thing worth having; to make others smile is the only thing worth doing."

That's how England's oldest lady feels about life. Mrs. Caroline Merriot is one hundred and eight years old. She has seen the world change from the time when English mothers scared their unruly children with threats of Bogy-man Napoleon, to these times when air monsters circle the globe in four days. Sadly she says, "War and money are the gods that rule the world." She is tired. Soon she will rest. I do not know her, will never know her, but I thank her for the little legacy of human wisdom she leaves for all of us: "A smile is the only thing worth having; to make others smile is the only thing worth doing."

IF you are going to, you'd better read Helen Washburn's book, So You're Going to Have a Baby. She tells all about the cost, equipment, etc., in a good straight-shooting way. Her book does for maternity what No Nice Girl Swears did for manners. (Published by Harcourt, Brace.)

WHEN squabs and quinces get together the resulting dish will warm the heart of any real gourmet. This delicacy is not hard to prepare—and is it luscious!

Lay four small squabs, immaculately cleaned, in a deep fireproof casserole. Surround them with the *peelings* of three ripe yellow quinces. Cover the casserole and leave 48 hours in your refrigerator. Then remove the peelings and into each squab insert 2 small slices of quince that has been stewed to a dark mahogany red. Put 2 generous tablespoons butter in the casserole. Cover, and seal the edges of the lid with a flour-and-water paste.

Cook 40 minutes in a hot oven. Serve in the casserole, with melted quince jelly in a sauce dish.

Tarzan and the LION MAN

(Reading time: 33 minutes 50 seconds.)

MILTON SMITH, head of a moving-picture company, sends Tom Orman, his prize director, to Africa to make a picture in the jungle. Naomi Madison is the feminine lead, with Rhonda Terry to double for her in dangerous shots. Stanley Obroski has the male lead, the Lion Man. Pat O'Grady, Bill West, and Gordon Z. Marcus are members of Orman's staff.

Against the advice of Major White, big-game hunter and their guide, Orman leads his safari into the Basuto country. The savages promptly attack the caravan, killing a number of the black porters and Arab soldiers who form the guard. Soon afterward the blacks desert in a body. The Basutos attack the safari in force. Major White and many others are killed. Obroski disappears. His companions believe him dead, but actually he is in the hands of the Basutos, who prepare to torture him to death.

In the meantime the survivors of the safari fight off the savages and retire to get what sleep they may. At dawn Orman and his fellows awake to find that the Arab guards, with their sheik, have deserted, taking with them Rhonda and Naomi and a map, one of the props of the scenario, which they believe locates a great cache of diamonds.

PART IV—THE MAP

"WEYLEY!" sighed Eyad dolorously. "Methinks the sheik hath done wrong to bring these *benat* with us. Now will the *Nasara* follow us with many guns. They will never cease until they have destroyed us and taken the *benat* back for themselves—I know *el-Engleys*."

"*Ullah yelbisak berneta!*" scoffed Atewy.

"Thou foundest the map; was not that enough? They would not have followed and killed us for the map, but when you take away men's women they follow and kill—yes!—be they Arab, English, or Negro." Eyad spat a period.

"I will tell thee, fool, why we brought the two girls," said Atewy. "There may be no valley of diamonds, or we may not find it. Should we therefore, after much effort, return to our own country empty-handed? These girls are not ill-favored. They will bring money at several places of which I know, or it may be that the male *Nasara* will pay a large ransom for their return. But in the end we shall profit if they be not harmed by us. Which reminds me, Eyad, that I have seen thee cast evil eyes upon them. *Wellah!* If one harms them the sheik will kill him; and if the sheik doth not, I will."

"They will bring us nothing but trouble," insisted Eyad. "I wish that we were rid of them."

"And there is still another reason why we brought them," continued Atewy. "The map is written in the language of *el-Engleys*, which I can speak but cannot read. The *benat* will read it to me."

But still Eyad grumbled. He was a dour young Bedawy with sinister eyes and a too full lower lip.

Since very early in the morning the horsemen had been pushing northward with the two girls. They had found and followed an open trail, and so had suffered no delays. Near the center of the little column rode the prisoners, often side by side, for much of the way the trail had been wide. It had been a trying day for them, not alone because of the fatigue of the hard ride but from the nervous shock that the whole misadventure had entailed since Atewy and two others had crept into their tent scarcely more than an hour after midnight, silenced them with threats of death, and, after ransacking the tent, carried them away into the night.

All day long they had waited expectantly for signs of rescue, though realizing that they were awaiting the impossible. Men on foot could not have overtaken the horsemen and no motor could traverse the trail they had followed without long delays for clearing the trail in many places.

"I can't stand much more!" said Naomi. "I'm done."

Rhonda reined closer to her. "If you feel like falling, take hold of me," she said. "It can't last much longer today. They'll be making camp soon. It sure has been a tough ride—not much like following Ernie Vogt up Coldwater Cañon; and I used to come home from one of those rides and think I'd done something. Whew! They must have paved this saddle with bricks."

"I don't see how you can stay so cheerful."

"Cheerful! I'm about as cheerful as a baby star whose option hasn't been renewed."

"Do you think they're going to kill us, Rhonda?"

"They wouldn't have bothered to bring us all this way if they had intended to kill us. They're probably after a ransom."

"I hope you're right. Tom'll pay anything to get us back. But suppose they're going to sell us. I've heard that they sell white girls to black sultans in Africa."

"The black sultan that gets me is goin' to be out of luck."

The sun was low in the west when the Arabs made camp

By
EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

A Chapter of New Excitements in the Strangest, Most Thrilling Adventure in Modern Fiction

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY DEAN

that night. Sheik Ab el-Ghrennem had no doubt but that angry and determined men were pursuing him, but he felt quite certain that now they could not overtake him.

His first thought had been to put distance between himself and the *Nasara* he had betrayed. Now he could look into the matter of the map of which Atewy had told him, possession of which had been the principal incentive for his knavery.

SUPPER over, he squatted where the light of the fire fell upon the precious document; and Atewy, leaning over his shoulder, scanned it with him.

"I can make nothing of it," growled the sheik. "Fetch the *bint* from whom you took it."

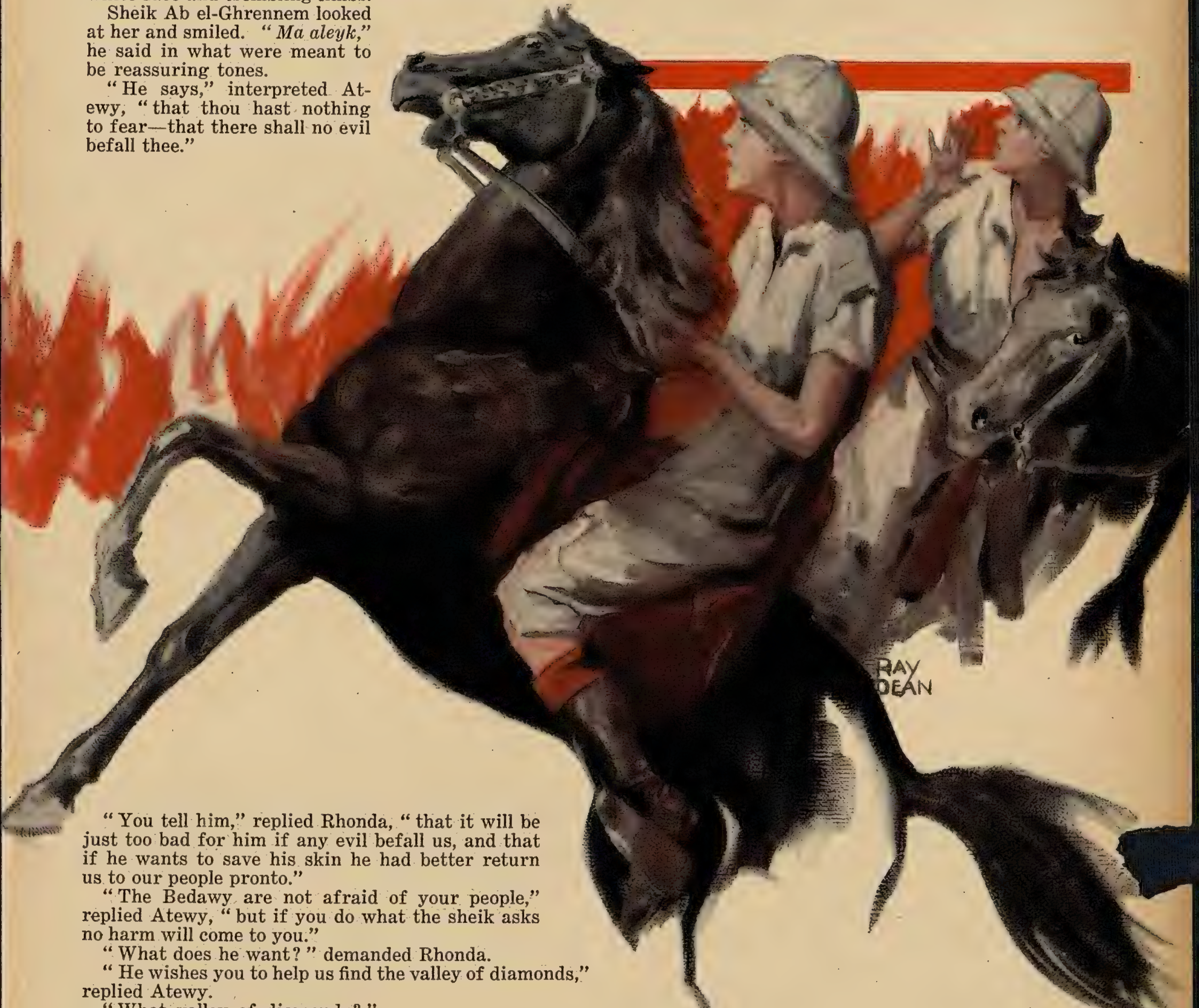
"I shall have to fetch them both," replied Atewy, "since I cannot tell them apart."

"Fetch them both, then," commanded el-Ghrennem.

Rhonda walked with her chin up and the glint of battle in her eyes; but Naomi revealed her fear in her white face and trembling limbs.

Sheik Ab el-Ghrennem looked at her and smiled. "*Ma aleyk,*" he said in what were meant to be reassuring tones.

"He says," interpreted Atewy, "that thou hast nothing to fear—that there shall no evil befall thee."



Suddenly a tawny figure broke from the brush with a terrific roar. The ponies were mad with terror. Rhonda's was to the right of Naomi's and half a neck in advance. The lion was coming from Rhonda's side.

"You tell him," replied Rhonda, "that it will be just too bad for him if any evil befall us, and that if he wants to save his skin he had better return us to our people pronto."

"The Bedawy are not afraid of your people," replied Atewy, "but if you do what the sheik asks no harm will come to you."

"What does he want?" demanded Rhonda.

"He wishes you to help us find the valley of diamonds," replied Atewy.

"What valley of diamonds?"

"It is on this map which we cannot read because we cannot read the language of *el-Engleys.*" He pointed at the map the sheik was holding.

Rhonda glanced at the paper.

"You don't mean to tell me that you believe there is a valley of diamonds!" She broke into laughter.

"You dumb bunnies, that map doesn't mean a thing! It was just for use in the picture we are making. You might as well return us to our people, for there isn't any valley of diamonds."

Atewy and the sheik jabbered excitedly to each other for a few moments, and then the former turned again to the girl. "You cannot make fools of the Bedawy," he said. "We are smarter than you. We knew that you would say that there is no valley of diamonds, because you want to save it all for your father. If you know what is well for you, you will read this map for us and help us find the valley. Otherwise—" He scowled horridly and drew a forefinger across his throat.

Naomi shuddered; but Rhonda was not impressed—she knew that while they had ransom or sale value the Arabs would not destroy them except as a last resort for self-protection.

"You are not going to kill us, Atewy," she said, "even if I do not read the map to you. But there is no reason why I should not read it."

"Come here and sit beside Ab el-Ghrennem and read the map to us," ordered Atewy.

RHONDA knelt beside the sheik and looked over his shoulder at the yellowed map. With a slender finger she pointed at the top of the map. "This is north," she said, "and up here—this is the valley of diamonds. You see this little irregular thing directly west of the valley and close to it? It has an arrow pointing to it and a caption that says, 'Monolithic column. Red graphite outcropping near only opening into valley.' And right north of it this arrow points to 'Entrance to valley.'

"Now, here, at the south end of the valley, is the word 'Falls,' and below the falls a river that runs south and southwest."

"Ask her what this is," the sheik instructed Atewy, pointing to characters at the eastern edge of the map southeast of the falls.

"That says 'Cannibal village,'" explained the girl. "And all across the map down there it says 'Forest.' See this river that rises at the southeast edge of the valley, flows east, southeast, and then west in a big loop before it enters the 'big river' here? Inside this loop it says 'Open country,' and near the west end of the loop is 'Barren cone-shaped hill—volcanic.' Then here is another river that rises in the southeast part of the map and flows northwest, emptying into the second river just before the latter joins the big river."

Sheik Ab el-Ghrennem ran his fingers through his beard as he sat in thoughtful contemplation of the map. At last he placed an index finger on the falls.

"*Shuf,* Atewy!" he exclaimed. "This should be the Omwamwi Falls, and over here the village of the Basuto. We are here." He pointed at a spot near the junction of the second and third rivers. "Tomorrow we should cross this other river and come into open country. There we shall find a barren hill."

"What did the sheik say?" asked Rhonda.

Atewy told her, adding, "We shall all be very rich. Then I shall buy you from the sheik and take you back to my *ashirat.*"

"You and who else?" scoffed Rhonda.

"*Billah!* No one else. I shall buy you for myself alone."

"*Caveat emptor,*" advised the girl.

"I do not understand, *bint,*" said Atewy.

"You will if you ever buy *me*. And when you call me *bint*, smile. It doesn't sound like a nice word."

Atewy grinned. He translated what she had said to the sheik, and they both laughed.

"The *Nasarawia* would be good to have in the *beyt* of Ab el-Ghrennem," said the sheik, who had understood nothing of what Atewy had said to Rhonda.

Atewy was not pleased. He wanted Rhonda for himself, and he was determined to have her, sheik or no sheik. It was then that plans commenced to formulate in the mind of Atewy that would have caused Ab el-Ghrennem's blood pressure to rise had he known of them.

The Arabs spread blankets on the ground near the fire for the two girls; and the sentry who watched the camp was posted near, that they might have no opportunity to escape.

"We've got to get away from these highbinders, Naomi," said Rhonda as the girls lay close together beneath their blankets.

"You mean to go out alone into this forest at night?" whispered Naomi, aghast. "Think of the lions!"

"I am thinking of them. But I'm thinking of some fat greasy black sultan too. I'd rather take a chance with the lion—he'd be sporting at least."

At the edge of the camp Atewy squatted beside Eyad. "You would like one of the white *benat*, Eyad," whispered Atewy. "I have seen it in your eyes."

Eyad eyed the other through narrowed lids. "Who would not?" he demanded.

"But you will not get one, for the sheik is going to keep them both. You will not get one—unless—"

"Unless what?" inquired Eyad.

"Unless an accident should befall Ab el-Ghrennem. Nor will you get so many diamonds, for the sheik's share of the booty is one fourth. If there were no sheik we should divide more between us."

"Thou art *hatab lil nar,*" ejaculated Eyad.

"Perhaps I *am* fuel for hell-fire," admitted Atewy, "but I shall burn hot while I burn."

"What dost *thou* get out of it?" inquired Eyad after a short silence.

Atewy breathed an inaudible sigh of relief. Eyad was coming around! "The same as thou," he replied. "My full share of the diamonds and one of the *benat.*"

"Accidents befall sheiks even as they befall other men," philosophized Eyad as he rolled himself in his blanket and prepared to sleep.

Quiet fell upon the camp of the Arabs. A single sentry squatted by the fire, half dozing. The other Arabs slept.

Not Rhonda Terry. She lay listening to the diminishing sounds of the camp; she heard the breathing of sleeping men; she watched the sentry, whose back was toward her.

She placed her lips close to one of Naomi Madison's beautiful ears. "Listen!" she whispered, "but don't move nor make a sound. When I get up, follow me. That is all you have to do. Don't make any noise."

"What are you going to do?" The Madison's voice was quavering.

"Shut up and do as I tell you."

Rhonda Terry had been planning ahead. She reached out and grasped a short stout piece of wood that had been gathered for the fire. Slowly, stealthily, catlike, she drew herself from her blankets. Trembling, Naomi Madison followed her.

Rhonda rose, the piece of firewood in her hand. She crept toward the back of the unsuspecting sentry. She lifted the stick above the head of the Arab. She swung it far back, and then—

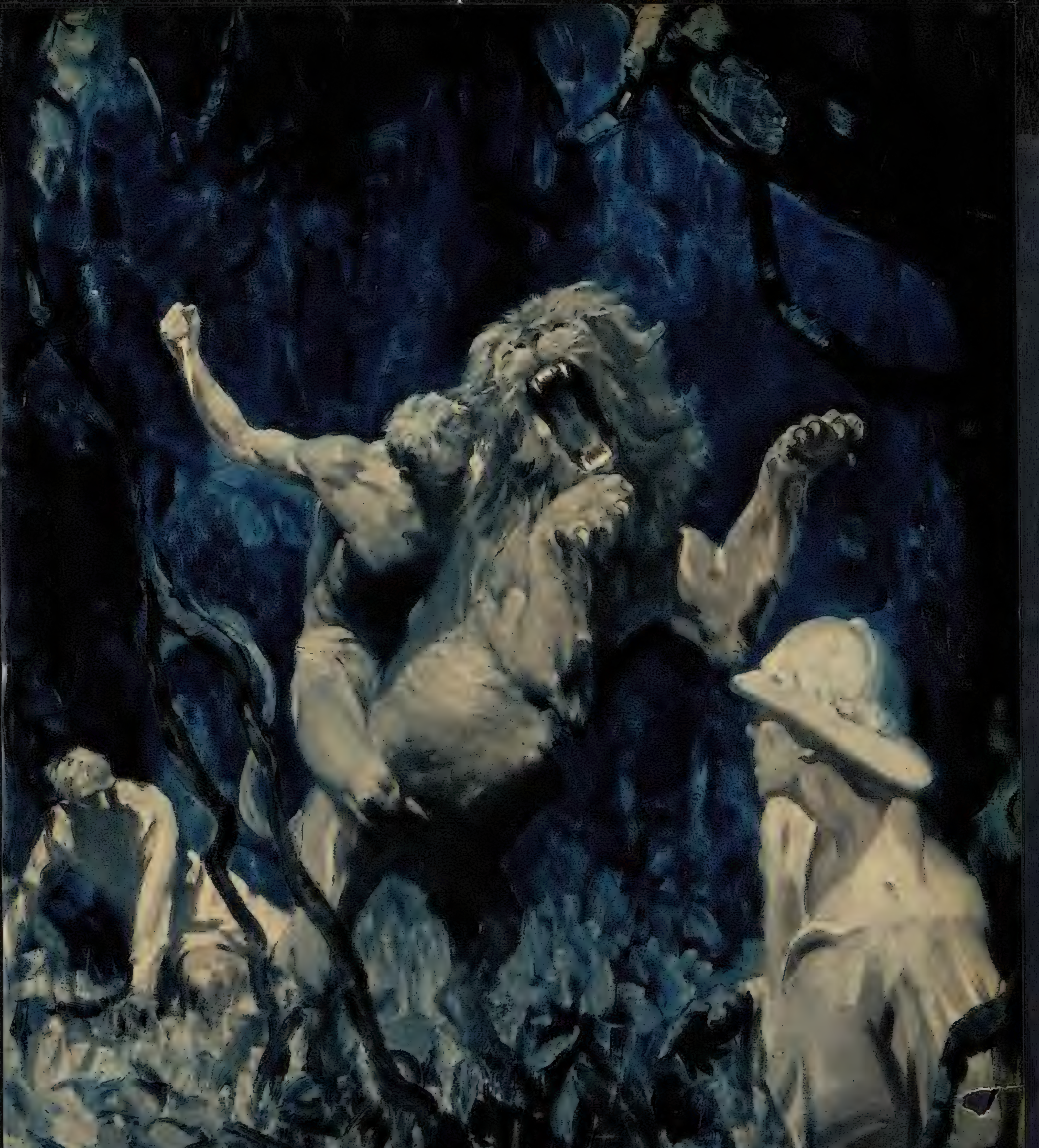
ORMAN and Bill West tramped on through the interminable forest. Day after day they followed the plain trail of the horsemen, but then there came a day when they lost it. Neither was an experienced tracker. The trail had entered a small stream, but it had not emerged again directly upon the opposite bank.

Assuming that the Arabs had ridden in the stream bed for some distance either up or down before coming out on the other side, they had crossed and searched up and down the little river, but without success. It did not occur to either of them that their quarry had come out upon the same side that they had entered, and so they did not search upon that side at all, which was their first great error.

The meager food supply that they had brought from camp was exhausted, and they had little luck in finding game. A few monkeys and some rodents had fallen to their rifles, temporarily averting starvation; but the future looked none too bright. Eleven days had passed, and they had accomplished nothing.

"And the worst of this mess," said Orman, "is that we're lost. We've wandered so far from that stream where we lost the trail that we can't find our back track."

"I don't want to find any back track," said West. "Until I find Rhonda I'll never turn back."



A knife flashed as great muscles drove the blade into the carnivore's side again and again. The lion hurled itself from side to side as it sought to shake the man from it.

"I'm afraid we're too late to do 'em much good now, Bill."

As the two men talked they were walking slowly along a game trail that wandered out of one unknown into another. They were hopelessly lost.

"I don't know why we keep on," remarked West. "We don't know where we're headed."

"We won't find out by sitting down, and maybe we'll find something or some one if we keep going long enough."

West glanced suddenly behind him. "I thought so," he said in a low tone. "I thought I'd been hearing something."

Orman's gaze followed that of his companion. "Anyway, we got a good reason now for not sitting down or turning back," he said.

"He's been following us for a long time," observed West. "I heard him quite a way back, now that I think of it."

"This is a nasty place to be caught, too. The trail's so narrow, and with this thick undergrowth on both sides we couldn't get out of the way of a charge. And right here the trees are all too big to climb," said West.

"We might shoot him," suggested Orman, "but I'm leery of these rifles. White said they were a little too light to stop big game, and if we don't stop him it'll be curtains for one of us."

"I'm a bum shot," admitted West. "I probably wouldn't even hit him."

"Well, he isn't coming any closer. Let's keep on going and see what happens."

The men continued along the trail, continually casting glances rearward. They held their rifles in readiness. Often, turns in the trail hid from their view momentarily the grim stalker following in their tracks.

"They look different out here, don't they?" remarked West. "Fiercer and sort of—inevitable, if you know what I mean: like death and taxes."

"Especially death. And they take all the wind out of a superiority complex. Sometimes when I've been directing I've thought that trainers were a nuisance, but I'd sure like to see Charlie Gay step out of the underbrush and say, 'Down, Slats!'"

"Say, do you know this fellow looks something like Slats? Got the same mean eye."

As they talked, the trail debouched into a small opening where there was a little underbrush and the trees grew farther apart. They had advanced only a short distance into it when the stalking beast dogging their footsteps rounded the last turn in the trail.

He paused a moment in the mouth of the trail, his tail twitching, his great jowls dripping saliva. With lowered head he surveyed them from yellow-green eyes menacingly. Then he crouched and swept toward them.

"We've got to shoot, Bill," said Orman. "He's going to charge!"

THE director shot first, his bullet creasing the lion's scalp. West fired and missed. With a roar, the carnivore charged. The empty shell jammed in the breech of West's rifle. Orman fired again when the lion was but a few paces from him; then he clubbed his rifle as the beast rose to seize him. A great paw sent the rifle hurtling aside, spinning Orman dizzily after it.

West stood paralyzed, his useless weapon clutched in his hands. He saw the lion wheel to spring upon Orman. Then he saw something that left him stunned, aghast. He saw an almost naked man drop from the tree above them full upon the lion's back.

A great arm encircled the beast's neck as it reared and turned to rend this new assailant. Bronzed legs locked quickly beneath its belly. A knife flashed as great muscles drove the blade into the carnivore's side again and again. The lion hurled itself from side to side as it sought to shake the man from it. Its mighty roars thundered in the quiet glade, shaking the earth.

Orman, uninjured, had scrambled to his feet. Both men, spellbound, were watching this primitive battle of Titans.

Presently the lion leaped high in air, and when he crashed to earth he did not rise again. The man upon him leaped to his feet. For an instant he surveyed the carcass. Then he placed a foot upon it and, raising his face toward the sky, voiced a weird cry that sent cold shivers down the spines of the two Americans.

As the last notes of that inhuman scream reverberated through the forest, the stranger, without a glance at the two he had saved, leaped for an overhanging branch, drew himself up into the tree, and disappeared amidst the foliage above.

Orman, pale beneath his tan, turned toward West. "Did you see what I saw, Bill?" he asked, his voice shaking.

"I don't know what you saw, but I know what I *thought* I saw—but I *couldn't* have seen it."

"Do you believe in ghosts, Bill?"

"I—I don't know. You don't think—"

"You know as well as I do that that couldn't have been him; so it must have been his ghost."

"But we never knew for sure that Obroski was dead, Tom."

"We know it now."

AS Stanley Obroski was dragged to earth in the village of Rungula the Basuto, a white man, naked but for a G string, looked down from the foliage of an overhanging tree upon the scene below and upon the bulk of the giant chieftain standing beneath him.

The pliant strands of a strong rope braided from jungle grasses swung in his powerful hands, the shadow of a grim smile played about his mouth.

Suddenly the rope shot downward. A running noose in its lower end settled about Rungula's body, pinning his arms at his sides. A cry of surprise and terror burst from the chief's lips as he felt himself pinioned. And as those near him turned, attracted by his cry, they saw him raised quickly from the ground, to disappear in the foliage of the tree above as though hoisted by some supernatural power.

Rungula felt himself dragged to a sturdy branch, and then a mighty hand seized and steadied him. He was terrified, for he thought his end had come. Below him a horrified silence had fallen upon the village. Even the prisoner was forgotten in the excitement and fright that followed the mysterious disappearance of the chief.

Obroski stood looking about him in amazement. Surrounded by struggling warriors as he had been, he had not seen the miracle of Rungula's ascension. Now he saw every eye turned upward at the tree that towered above the chief's hut. He wondered what had happened. He wondered what they were looking at. He could see nothing unusual. All that lingered in his memory to give him a clue was the sudden affrighted cry of Rungula as the noose had tightened about him.

Rungula heard a voice speaking, speaking his own language. "Look at me!" it commanded.

Rungula turned his eyes toward the thing that held him. The light from the village fires filtered through the foliage to reveal dimly the features of a white man bending above him. Rungula gasped and shrank back. "*Walumbe!*" he muttered in terror.

"I am not the god of death," replied Tarzan; "I am not *Walumbe*. But I can bring death just as quickly, for I am greater than *Walumbe*. I am Tarzan of the Apes!"

"What do you want?" asked Rungula through chattering teeth. "What are you going to do to me?"

"I tested you to see if you were a good man and your people good people. I made myself into two men, and one I sent where your warriors could capture him. I wanted to see what you would do to a stranger who had not harmed you. Now I know. For what you have done you should die. What have you to say?"

"You are here," said Rungula, "and you are also down there." He nodded toward the figure of Obroski standing in surprised silence amidst the warriors. "Therefore you must be a demon. What can I say to a demon? I can give you food and drink and weapons. I can give you girls who can cook and draw water and fetch wood and work all day in the fields—girls with broad hips and strong backs. All these things will I give you if you will not kill me—if you will just go away and leave us alone."

"I do not want your food nor your weapons nor your women. I want but one thing from you, Rungula, as the price of your life."

"What is that, master?"

"Your promise that you will never again make war upon white men, and that when they come through your country you will help them instead of killing them."

"I promise, master."

"Then call down to your people and tell them to open the gates and let the prisoner go out into the forest."

Rungula spoke in a loud voice to his people, and they fell away from Obroski, leaving him standing alone. Then warriors went to the village gates and swung them open.

Obroski heard the voice of the chief coming from high in a tree, and he was mystified. He also wondered at the strange action of the natives and suspected treachery. Why should they fall back and leave him standing alone when a few moments before they were trying to seize him and bind him to a tree? Why should they throw the gates wide open? He did not move. He waited, believing that he was being baited into an attempt at escape for some ulterior purpose.

Presently another voice came from the tree above the chief's hut, addressing him in English. "Go out of the village into the forest," it said. "They will not harm you now. I will join you in the forest."

Obroski was mystified; but the quiet English voice reassured him, and he turned and walked down the village street toward the gateway.

Tarzan removed his rope from about Rungula, ran lightly through the tree at the rear of the hut, and dropped to the ground. Keeping the huts between himself and the villagers, he moved swiftly to the opposite end of the village, scaled the palisade, and dropped into the clearing beyond. A moment later he was in the forest and circling back toward the point where Obroski was entering it.

The latter heard no slightest noise of his approach, for there was none. One instant he was entirely alone, and the next a voice spoke close behind him. "Follow me," it said.

OBROSKI wheeled. In the darkness of the forest night he saw dimly only the figure of a man about his own height.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am Tarzan of the Apes."

Obroski was silent, astonished. He had heard of Tarzan of the Apes, but he had thought that he was no more than a legendary character—a fiction of the folklore of Africa.

Tarzan of the Apes was moving away into the forest. He turned once and repeated his command, "Follow me!"

The ape man moved on in silence, and Obroski followed him. The silence preyed a little upon his nerves. It seemed to bear out his deduction that the man was not quite normal, not as other men. A normal man would have been asking and answering innumerable questions had he met a stranger for the first time under such exciting circumstances.

So in silence they moved through the forest, Obroski keeping close behind the ape man lest he lose sight of him in the darkness. Ahead of them a lion roared, and the American wondered if his companion would change his course or take refuge in a tree. But he did neither. He kept on in the direction they had been going.

Occasionally the voice of the lion sounded ahead of them, always closer. Obroski, unarmed and practically naked, felt utterly helpless and not unaccountably nervous. Nor was his nervousness allayed when a cry, half roar and half weird scream, burst from the throat of his companion.

After that he heard nothing from the lion for some time. Then, seemingly just ahead of them, he heard throaty coughing grunts. The lion! Obroski could scarcely restrain a violent urge to scale a tree; but he steeled himself and kept on after his guide.

PRESENTLY they came to an opening in the forest beside a river. The moon had risen. Its mellow light flooded the scene, casting deep shadows where tree and shrub dotted the grass-carpeted clearing, dancing on the swirling ripples of the river.

But the beauty of the scene held his eyes for but a brief instant, as though through the shutter of a camera. Then it was erased from his consciousness by a figure looming large ahead of them in the full light of the African moon. A great lion stood in the open watching them as they approached. Obroski saw the black mane ripple in the night wind, the sheen of the yellow body in the moonlight. Now, beyond him, rose a lioness.

The stranger turned to Obroski. "Stay where you are," he said. "I do not know this lioness; she may be vicious."

Obroski stopped gladly. He was relieved to discover that he had stopped near a tree.

He saw the man lay a hand upon the head of the great lion and then turn and look back at him. "You may come up now," he said, "so that Jad-bal-ja may get your scent and know that you are a friend. Afterward he will never harm you—unless I tell him to."

Obroski was terrified. He wanted to run, to climb the tree beside which he stood—to do anything that would get him away from the lion and the lioness. But he feared still more to leave the man who had befriended him. Paralyzed by fright, he advanced. And Tarzan of the Apes, believing him courageous, was pleased.

Jad-bal-ja was growling in his throat. Tarzan spoke to him in a low voice, and he stopped. Obroski came and stood close to him, and the lion sniffed at his legs and body. Obroski felt the hot breath of the animal.

"Put your hand on his head," said Tarzan. "If you are afraid, do not show it."

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The American did as he was bid. Presently Jad-bal-ja rubbed his head against the body of the man. Then Tarzan spoke again, and the lion turned and walked away toward the lioness, lying down beside her.

Tarzan stretched his body upon the soft grasses. "We shall lie up here for the night," he said.

Obroski shot a quick glance in the direction of the two lions lying a few yards away, and Tarzan interpreted his thoughts.

"Don't worry about them," he said. "Jad-bal-ja will see that nothing harms you. But look out for the lioness when he is not around. He just picked her up the other day. She hasn't made friends with me yet, and she probably never will. Now, if you care to, tell me what you are doing in this country."

Briefly Obroski explained, and Tarzan listened.

"If I had known you were one of that safari I probably would have let the Basutos kill you."

"Why? What have you got against us?"

"I saw your leader whipping his blacks," replied Tarzan.

Obroski did not like Orman. He had good reasons not to like him. Naomi Madison was one of these reasons. But there were other things to consider than a personal grudge. There was the money invested by the studio, the careers of his fellow players, and even Orman.

He explained all this to Tarzan—all except his hatred of Orman. "Orman," he concluded, "was drunk when he whipped the blacks; he had been down with fever; he was terribly worried. Those who knew him best said it was most unlike him."

Tarzan made no comment, and Obroski said no more. He lay looking up at the great full moon, thinking. . . .

As Rhonda Terry stood with her weapon poised above the head of the squatting sentry, the man turned his eyes quickly in her direction. Instantly he realized his danger, and started to rise as the stick descended. Thus the blow had far more force than it otherwise would have had, and he sank senseless to the ground without uttering a sound.

The girl looked quickly about upon the sleeping camp. No one stirred. She beckoned the trembling Naomi to follow her, and stepped quickly to where some horse trappings lay upon the ground. She handed a saddle and bridle to the Madison and took others for herself.

Half dragging, half carrying their burdens, they crept to the tethered ponies. Here the Madison was almost helpless; and Rhonda had to saddle and bridle both animals.

Naomi mounted, and Rhonda passed the bridle reins of her own pony to her companion. "Hold him," she whispered—"and hold him tight."

SHE went quickly then to the other ponies, turning them loose one after another. Often she glanced toward the sleeping men. If one of them should awaken, they would be recaptured. But if she could carry out her plan they would be safe from pursuit.

Finally the last pony was loose. Already, cognizant of their freedom, some of them had commenced to move about. Herein had lain one of the principal dangers of the girl's plan, for free horses moving about a camp must soon awaken such horsemen as the Bedouins.

She ran quickly to her own pony and mounted. "We are going to try to drive them ahead of us for a little way," she whispered. "If we can do that we shall be safe—as far as Arabs are concerned."

As quietly as they could the girls reined their ponies behind the loose stock and urged them away from camp.

Slowly the unwilling ponies moved toward the black shadows of the forest beyond the little opening in which the camp had been pitched—a hundred feet, two hundred, three hundred. They were almost at the edge of the forest when a cry arose behind them. Then the angry voices of many men came to them in a babel of strange words and stranger Arab oaths.

It was a bright starlit night. Rhonda knew that the Arabs could see them. She turned in her saddle and saw them running swiftly in pursuit. With a cowboy yell and a kick of her heels, she urged her pony on the heels of those ahead. Startled, they broke into a trot.

"Yell, Naomi!" cried the girl. "Do anything to frighten them and make them run."

The Madison did her best, and the yells of the running men approaching added to the nervousness of the ponies. Then one of the Arabs fired his musket; and as the bullet whistled above their heads the ponies broke into a run and, followed by the two girls, disappeared into the forest.

The leading pony had either seen or stumbled upon a trail, and down this they galloped.

It was not until the voices of the men behind them were lost in the distance that Rhonda reined her pony to a walk. "Well, we made it!" she cried exultantly.

WHEN dawn finally broke just after Rhonda and Naomi had crossed a shallow river the light of the new day revealed an open country dotted with trees and clumps of brush.

Suddenly Rhonda drew rein and pointed. "Do you see what I see?" she demanded.

"That hill?"

"Do you realize that we have just crossed a river out of a forest and come into open country, and that there is a 'barren cone-shaped hill—volcanic'?"

"You don't mean—"

"The map!"

Naomi was about to reply when both their ponies halted, trembling. With dilated nostrils and up-pricked ears, they stared at a patch of brush close upon their right and just ahead. Both girls looked in the same direction.

Suddenly a tawny figure broke from the brush with a terrific roar. The ponies were mad with terror. Rhonda's was to the right of Naomi's and half a neck in advance. The lion was coming from Rhonda's side.

Naomi, fascinated, kept her eyes upon the lion. It moved with incredible speed. She saw it leap and seize the rump of Rhonda's pony with fangs and talons. Its hind quarters swung down under the pony's belly. The frightened creature kicked and lunged, hurling Rhonda from the saddle; and then the lion dragged it down.

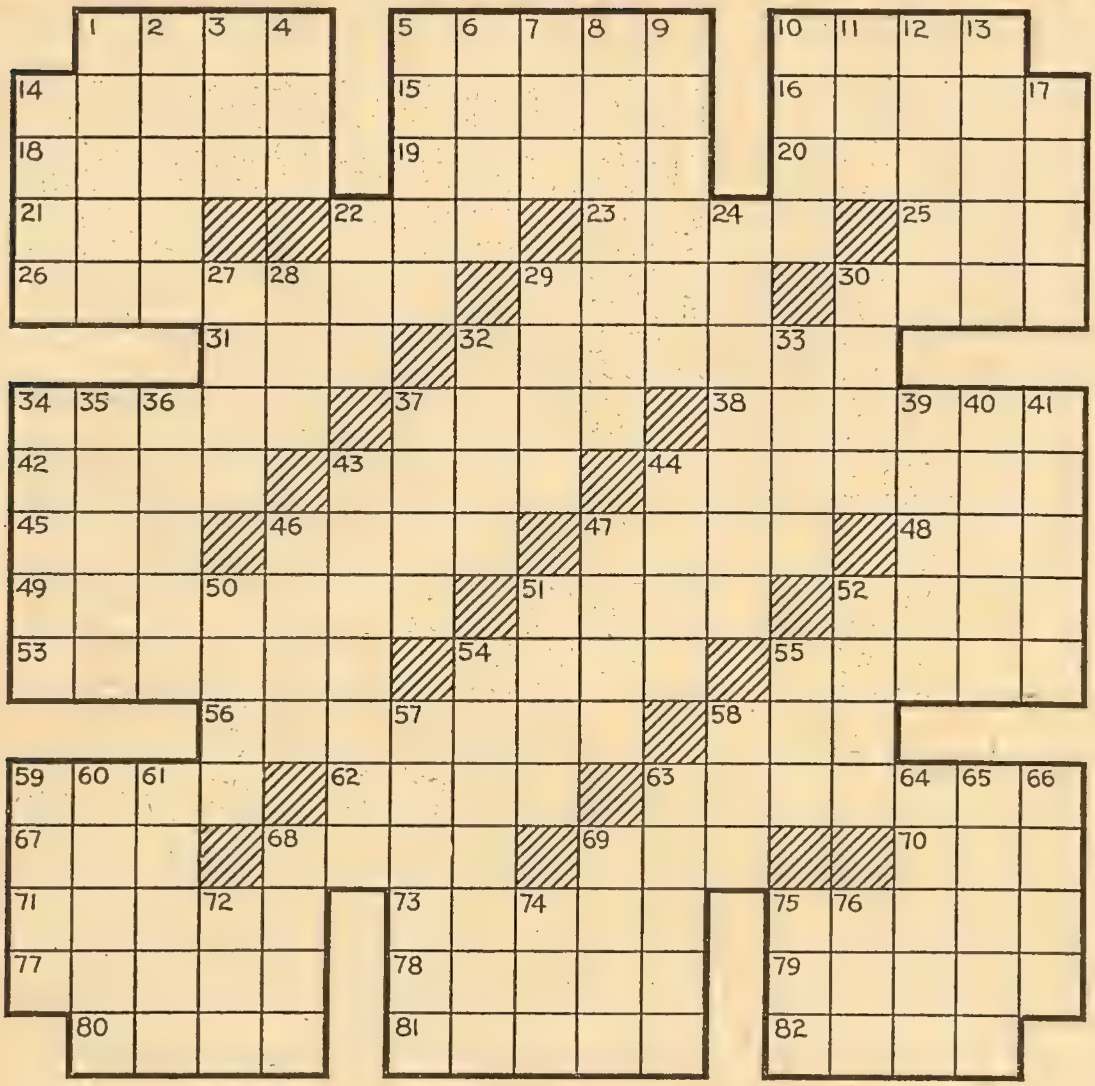
Naomi's pony carried her from the frightful scene. Once she looked back. She saw the lion standing with its forepaws on the carcass of the pony. Only a few feet away Rhonda's body lay motionless.

In the next installment you will read of Rhonda Terry's encounter with the gorillas who "talk English."

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 50

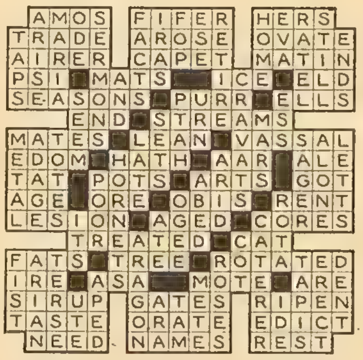
1—A four-sided geometrical figure, no two sides of which are parallel.
2—Giuseppe Verdi.
3—Manner or mode of operating.
4—An American poet killed in the World War while fighting with the French Foreign Legion.
5—Battleships after states; cruisers after cities; destroyers after naval heroes.
6—Goddess of love and beauty in the Scandinavian mythology.
7—Thomas Jonathan Jackson.
8—From 1349 to 1830 the title of the eldest son of the king of France.
9—The female of the sheep and sheeplike animals.
10—The Duke of Medina-Sidonia.
11—An inhabitant of the earth.
12—The name is given to old desert prospectors.
13—General Meade.
14—Bordeaux.
15—In 1449, by Cormac McCarthy.
16—George Fox.
17—One who writes something to be published under another's name.
18—Iosiph Dzugashvili.
19—Dr. James Naismith in 1892.
20—A Spanish reformer and the founder of the Society of Jesus.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 A prominent actor
5 To irritate
10 A parish in Ireland
14 Cut in thin pieces
15 Maturing
16 Watchful
18 Pointed at
19 Classifier
20 Kind of fiber
21 Small fish
22 Conjunction
23 Lampreys
25 Suffix: make into
26 Portion of Scripture (pl.)
29 Gaelic
30 The solar disk in Egyptian mythology
31 To be under obligation
32 Wrenched
34 Street urchin
37 Uttered
38 A clothes maker
42 River in Russia
43 A thin piece of baked clay
44 Having left a will
45 Title of respect
46 At this point
47 Vehicle
48 Measure of length
49 A form of insurance
51 Short sleeps
52 A molding
53 County in New York
54 Weed of grainfields
55 Exert pressure
56 Pays back
58 The cry of a domestic animal
59 Responsibility
62 To look after



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 AMOS FIFER HERS 
TRADE AROSE OVATE
AIRER CAPET MATIN
PSI■MATS■■ICE■ELD
SEASONS■PURR■ELLS
   END■STREAMS   
MATES■LEAN■VASSAL
EDOM■HATH■AAR■ALE
TAT■POTS■ARTS■GOT
AGE■ORE■OBIS■RENT
LESION■AGED■CORES
   TREATED■CAT   
FATS■TREE■ROTATED
IRE■ASA■■MOTE■ARE
SIRUP GATES RIPEN
TASTE ORATE EDICT
 NEED NAMES REST 
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

63 Young hens
67 Poem
68 Egyptian goddess
69 Yellowish brown
70 Recline
71 A unit (philosophy)
73 Bestower
75 Avoid
77 Very fleshy
78 Spread by rumor
79 Ceremonials
80 Sheep
81 A reptile
82 Females of the ruff

VERTICAL

1 Glide
2 Eras
3 Playing card
4 A color
5 Small mountain lakes
6 Minced oath
7 Islet
8 Jeered
9 Act of going out
10 Sailors
11 A wing
12 Forgive
13 Ascend
14 Pass by water
17 Suffix denoting addition of ten
22 One (Scotch)
24 Alphabetic symbols
27 Earth
28 Possess
29 City in Pennsylvania
30 Passage in a mine
32 A wheal
33 Compass point
34 Keen appreciation
35 Greek poet
36 River in France
37 Parent
39 Extensive
40 Siouan Indians
41 Councils
43 Occupants
44 Binding material
46 Conceal
47 Vehicles
50 Part of a wheel
51 Spikenard
52 Of the mouth
54 Strain
55 Comrade
57 Condescends
58 Sweetened bread
59 Province in Italy
60 Sun-dried brick
61 Restore to freshness
63 Thickened soup
64 Puff up
65 Rising and falling of waters (plural)
66 Comprehends
68 Day of the Roman month
69 Article of furniture
72 Peer Gynt's mother
74 By way of
75 Stray
76 Contend against

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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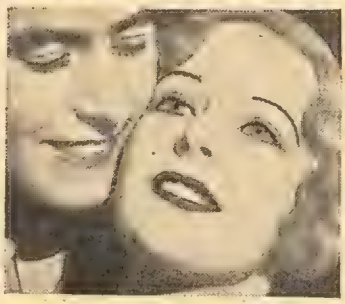

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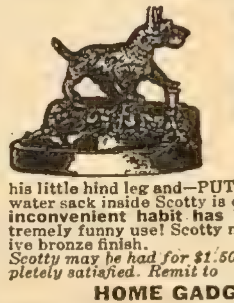

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VOX POP

SHOULD WE PUT WEBSTER OUT OF BUSINESS?

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Quite often these days in reading stories I come across unusual words that are not in my vocabulary, but which if I wanted to go to the bookcase I would find in the dictionary there.

I wonder how many more people are in the same predicament, the only present solution of which is to be carrying a dictionary around with you all the time, which is not always so convenient.

My idea is to have a little boxed-off section at the top of each page, or if not quite so elaborate, at least at the start of the story, giving the unusual words, their pronunciation, and meaning.

It seems like a good idea, but perhaps it is worthless. My object in writing you is that your magazine seems always ready to take a step forward.—*Leo A. Fisselbrane.*

NEW USES FOR STRANGE CRIMES

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I found the first two of your Strange Crimes at Sea series (October 21 and 28) a source of so much pleasure that I decided to give a reading aloud to my young son and several of my nieces and nephews.

It was a picture to behold the wide-eyed delighted faces of the enchanted little group.

They cheered when I was finished and I had to promise that I would give them a reading of these stories each week. —*Jack Deitsch.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I hope that the authors of your Strange Crimes at Sea series will continue to give us forgotten bits of history in this interesting sugar-coated way. I suggest that you bring this series to the attention of teachers of history in the schools of the country —particularly the second story, The Hanging of the Innocents, for a better understanding of the situations leading up to the unification of England and Scotland.—*Maxim Goldstein.*

ARLINGTON, VA.—I refer to the story The Trial of Commander Mackenzie.

If there is anything proven beyond a doubt, it is that young Spencer, an officer in the navy, was murdered by his commanding officer, Commander Mackenzie, for the perpetration of a practical joke aimed at his commander, who had no sense of humor.

Of course Mackenzie was acquitted of the charge of murder because he was tried by a navy court-martial. Had he been tried in a state court he would have been hanged. — *Leroy Stafford Boyd.*

A SQUAWK FROM A SQUAW

CALGARY, ALTA. — In reference to Princess Alexandra Kropotkin's article in Liberty for October 21, I would like to ask the lady if she has ever been in Canada? What does she think we are up here—a bunch of *squaws?*

Get this straight! We don't run around in blankets and moccasins. We don't carry knives and pistols. Most of us have never put a shovel of coal in a furnace—we use gas. We don't have as much snow here as they have in St. Paul, Minnesota.

Your little *linguist* must be referring to the Yukon or perhaps Greenland.—*An Insulted Squaw from the Big Woods.*

WE'LL BET YOUR NAME DESCRIBES YOU

HARRISBURG, PA.—I think your magazine is terrible. Your editors and authors are punch-drunk. And on top of all that you're a bunch of crooks to charge five cents for each issue.—*Al K. Hall.*

TAKE OFF THOSE WHISKERS, JAY FRANKLIN

NATIONAL CITY, CALIF.—I think it is about time this Jay Franklin came out from behind his alfalfa.

A man of Franklin's caliber should not hesitate to make his identity known. That he is *somebody* is evident. His grasp of national and international politics, his apparent access to inside governmental information, would indicate that he is at least a senator and much above the average Solon in ability.

Whoever he is, in my opinion our President and his advisers would do well to give themselves the benefit of his counsel.—*Stuart E. Smith.*

USE YOUR HEAD

HILLSBORO, ORE.—That article by Professor Auguste Piccard in October 21 Liberty was a peach, and as I read it I could picture myself roaring on to Paris in five hours. But then I thought: What the heck will I do when I get there?—*Edward L. Scheidt.*

WE GIVE UP—THIS IS THE END

MONITOR, ORE.—In my opinion, the men who coined the words honorificabilitudinitatibus, antitransubstantiationistically, and proantisubstantionistically were only pikers for long words. Try some of these: tetramethyldiaminotriphenylmethane; hexamethyltriaminotriphenylcarbinol; tetramethylparadiaminodiphenylmethane. There are many others, and no limit to their length, to be found in the study of organic chemistry, and these are as English as any of the rest of our language.—*Z. M. Chase.*

Credit where credit is due. Hell Dogs! — Campaigning with the Madman of Mexico—concluded in our issue of November 25, has elicited so much favorable comment that Liberty is glad to give publicity to the fact that this sterling serial was both translated and adapted from the Spanish of Rafael Muñoz by Lynn S. Root.

SURELY, SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG

ROCHESTER, MINN.—For the past year I have carried Liberty to the bedside of the many patients upon whom I call, being the welfare worker for the American Legion, Wm. T. McCoy Post No. 92, of Rochester, Minnesota.

My patients are veterans of all wars and their wives and children. They enjoy your magazine, which is read by an average of twelve people per week.

In the issue of September 30, 1933, appeared the story of The A. E. F. that the U. S. A. Forgot, and of all the articles this seemed to have the most striking effect on a great many of the readers.

The real reason was that we have a case here in Rochester of a veteran who was a member of the Thirty-first Infantry, that served over there.

This veteran passed on June 5 to the Great Beyond on account of the new laws.

The veteran left a wife and three small children who are now facing the fate of becoming county charity charges, and all because of the fact that the government will not recognize the facts of his case.—*Leroy A. Berndt, American Legion Welfare Worker, Wm. T. McCoy Post No. 92.*

NEWS ITEM

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH — Liberty keeps me awake while the barber is giving me a trimming.—*George Lindholm.*

WE THRIVE ON IT

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—There lived, some years ago, in this grand country of ours a man who was intelligent enough to do original thinking and courageous enough to express his thoughts. He once said, " If you wish to avoid criticism, say nothing, do nothing, and be nothing."

Now, if we were to evaluate Liberty by this test, surely the letters found in Vox Pop would give the magazine a 100-per-cent rating for saying, doing, and being.—*Robert David Carlyle.*

WELL, HUNK CERTAINLY CAN TAKE IT, ANYWAY

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Lawrence Perry in Liberty for November 4 makes the following statement: " Just as in 1928, with Hunk Anderson in charge of the Irish at Carnegie Tech—Knute Rockne was in Chicago watching the Army-Navy game—his team folded up and was swamped in the great upset of that season."

Mr. Perry is in error. The game to which he refers was the 1926 Carnegie victory over Notre Dame by a score of 19 to 0.

On that day Army and Navy were hammering out their famous 21-to-21 tie at Soldier Field in Chicago.—*William H. Brown.*

[Our Vox Popper is right. Army and Navy had broken relations in 1928. That 1928 season was one of the most disastrous in modern Notre Dame history. The Irish lost not only to Carnegie Tech, 27 to 7, but also to Wisconsin, Georgia Tech, and finally to Southern California. The 1926 season, on the other hand, had been an uninterrupted triumph, until Carnegie scored its 19-to-0 victory, the upset of the year. That game was played on November 27, and on December 4 Notre Dame lost to Southern California, 13 to 12. —THE EDITOR.]

FINGERPRINTS AND FISTS

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. — Fingerprint Everybody! by Rupert Hughes, in October 28 Liberty, should be used as a text in every schoolroom in America, and translated into forty languages so that every citizen in the country may read it. And mayhap, if you keep pounding long enough, your barrage against crime will sink into the thick skins of our gangsterized land of the free and home of the brave.—*Clara M. Fry.*

HARTFORD, CONN.—In Fingerprint Everybody! Rupert Hughes is advocating just another expensive "noble experiment" that would place the law-abiding citizen in the same class as the criminal. The impracticability of his idea is shown by the fact that the police already have the fingerprints of habitual criminals, but cannot convict them for their crimes; and also, the crafty wrongdoer does not leave traces of fingerprints at the scene of the crime.—*Independent.*

CAMBRIDGE, OHIO—What are you trying to do—make crooks out of everybody?

If your article Fingerprint Everybody! doesn't raise the crime wave 5 per cent, then I'm a monkey's uncle. Why, any nitwit with a grain of brains can read between the lines and see how simple it is to evade the law.

You show them crime is a pretty *safe bet,* and then, with jobs still hard to get —why not?—*L. R. Gorman.*

WHEN SPELLING AUTHORITIES DIFFER

NEW YORK, N. Y. — In Liberty's Scrambled Geography Contest for August 5 your editor misspelled two names: Skagerrak he spelled Skagerrack and Kharkov he wrote with a final f instead of the v.

Both the Rand McNally Atlas and Webster's New International Dictionary spell them as I have indicated above. —*Mrs. Amanda Tyre.*

[This reader calls attention to the rather bewildering variations in spelling that are to be found in Russian and Scandinavian words translated into English. The New Atlas, published by the Geographical Publishing Company in Chicago, and Hammond's Atlas, both standard works, spell the two words under discussion Skagerrack and Kharkof. The Century Dictionary varies it by Skager-Rack and Kharkoff. Linguists tell us that there are no hard and fast rules for Anglicizing words of this kind.—THE EDITOR.]

YOU WOULDN'T WANT US TO COO, WOULD YOU?

CHICAGO, ILL.—On your front page under Liberty you should put this: For Bloodthirsty Men Only. Then we ladies would not waste our precious nickels on you.—*Mrs. Lovey-Ellen Stell.*

A NEW DEAL FOR DISABLED VETERANS

SPOKANE, WASH.—You are to be commended for publishing Economy and the Veterans in your October 28 issue. If you fully realized the unjustness and cruelty of the so-called National Economy Act as it affects disabled veterans you would not say that Liberty does not desire to take sides.

The service-connected disabled veteran must have a New Deal. — *Warren W. Greenberg.*

NICE, CALIF.—The article Economy and the Veterans was good. It is timely, and you are to be thanked by all veterans for publishing it at this time.

I also am in the writer's class—nearing sixty, unable to do a day's work for which I could claim pay. Had a little money, bought a little home on less than an acre of ground. Was satisfied with life, as I was receiving a pension of fifty dollars a month. With this amount I was able not only to live but to employ others a few days at a time to do the heavier work.

Now the pension has been cut to fifteen dollars a month. I cannot employ any help, but have put a sign, For Sale, on my little home. I *must* eat. "Buy Now" has little significance to me.—*C. W. Bayne.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—As long as this or any government sends one class of men to risk their lives from bullets and disease for a mere pittance and permits the rest of the male population to stay at home, hold their jobs, and enjoy the comforts of peace and security, just so long will there be a moral obligation on that government to compensate the service men for the losses and setbacks in civil life caused by their service.—*Herbert R. Trigge.*

NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. — I was most agreeably surprised to read, in your edition of October 28, 1933, an article, giving a break to the veterans of the nation.—*Ben Lichtig.*

OH, WE'RE SOBER ALL RIGHT

SCRANTON, PA.—I wholly agree with the objective expressed in the preparedness editorial in Liberty for October 21, and I would almost defend with my life your right to express it, but it seems to me 'twere better said more soberly.

You know that fanaticism often frustrates its purpose; that in the presence of zealotism thoughtful men pause, ponder, and procrastinate.—*K.*

YOU HAVE THE WRONG DEPARTMENT

BELLINGHAM, WASH.—Having read Senator Robinson's article on Why the War Debts Must Be Paid, in September 23 Liberty, and then having read the comments in Vox Pop asking him how he would suggest our collecting them, I am moved to ask why you do not start a contest and offer a prize for the best idea on how to collect the enormous debts that are owed us?—*R. E. Green.*

FROM TEN TO FOURTEEN

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Looking through Liberty of September 2, I noticed the statement that our ninth President, William Henry Harrison, had ten children, the greatest number of any Chief Executive. Unless I am mistaken, John Tyler, who succeeded Harrison in the chair, had fourteen children, eight sons and six daughters. Will you correct some one, history, or me?—*H. H. Mayo.*

[This reader is correct. John Tyler, who succeeded to the Presidency after Harrison's death, which occurred only a month after he took office, had fourteen children. By his first wife, who was Letitia Christian, he had three sons and four daughters. By his second wife, Julia Gardiner, he had five sons and two daughters.—THE EDITOR.]

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HAPPY DAYS

SOME DEFINITE IDEAS ON HOW TO MAKE YOUR CLUB WORK COUNT — WHAT'S IN THE COOKY JAR AT THE WHITE HOUSE

By ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

(Reading time: 4 minutes 31 seconds.)

IN this page you've seen several times some such statement as this: "All women should do some active community work." The obvious retort to a generality like this, "Be specific," has come to me from a number of astute Liberty readers. So—here are some ideas which have already been successfully adopted by some farseeing women's clubs and which may be of use to other public-spirited women in their clubs.

The phrase "made work" was at first puzzling to me until I talked with some relief workers about it. In some communities, instead of giving a certain amount of money to a needy individual, which has the demoralizing effects of "charity," so many days' a week work are provided, and of course the worker receives pay for his time.

The "made-work" plan of help to the unemployed means that the community must have a definite program for this work. The program may include beautifying the public parks, repairing roads, cleaning public buildings, etc. "Made work" hasn't been successful in many communities because it hasn't been a well organized project. Doesn't it seem to you that here is a splendid opportunity for the women's clubs to make concrete and helpful suggestions for "made work" to the municipal authorities? Incidentally, any community which works out successful "made-work" programs should communicate them to the Federal Emergency Relief Administration in Washington, so that other communities may benefit.

I am informed that hospital facilities for the needy throughout the country are totally inadequate. One specific emergency concerns itself with maternity cases. There is a movement on foot in New York City to donate rooms in private hospitals for the use of patients for whom there is not room in public wards. And—various women's organizations throughout the country might organize emergency corps of volunteer visiting nurses who would go into the homes of the unemployed and assist in times of sickness. This same plan was very efficacious, of course, during the World War in the flu epidemics.

One Liberty reader wrote me a most interesting suggestion which I think might be used by women's organizations having facilities for raising money. This plan is a "loan fund" for families who have small but inadequate incomes. For example, a family which needed fifty dollars, say for coal for the winter, could borrow that sum from the organization and agree to repay this loan at the rate, perhaps, of a dollar a week.

Many letters which have come to me read like this: "I have five children, all in school, and I make quilts, hooked rugs, and do fine needlework. I can't go out to work by the day, but I can work several hours daily at home. Where can I sell the things I can make? We need more money to live than my husband now makes." Has your community a Women's Exchange where people like these writers can bring their work to be sold? I know of several such exchanges which have enlarged their scope during the depression. They have bakery departments, handicraft and needlework sections, etc. The Christmas season offers excellent opportunities for the sale of all kinds of gifts which women can make in their homes. An exchange of this type needs capable women to direct it; they must suggest the types of things which will be most salable. Another project for a women's club in your community!

Creative Studios photo

In many communities the school and playground appropriations have been slashed so drastically that there is a crying need for more coöperation on the part of parents. For instance, one mother who happens to have a big yard could offer it for a playground for children after school hours. Other mothers in the neighborhood could take turns supervising the children and organizing various projects, such as carpentry work or dramatics, which children really need. Again, in some communities appropriations for school lunches for undernourished children have been eliminated. I know of one small community in which the women coöperate in this way: The women on farms canned all summer for the school lunches and the town women agreed to prepare and serve the undernourished children during the school year. A local dairy supplies milk as its contribution.

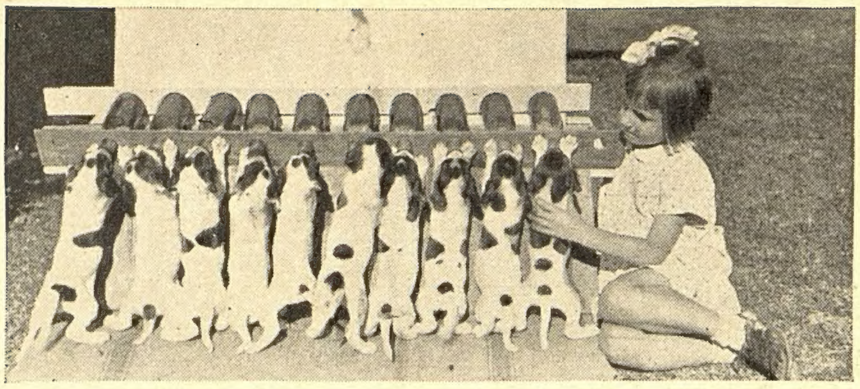
The adolescent boys and girls are another great problem. They want and need fun—dancing, games, and all types of social activity. Many of them have no spending money. Why can't the older people in the community find out what these boys and girls want to do and provide them with places—and only helpful supervision—for their leisure hours?

All these suggestions remind me of an old adage which, if I remember rightly, goes something like this: "Man's work lasts till set of sun; woman's work is never done."

MRS. NESBITT calls this recipe Wholesome Gingersnaps for the Kiddies. And it's one which keeps mother busy replenishing the cooky jar!

1 cup sugar
1 cup molasses
⅔ cup shortening
1 egg
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon ginger (heaping)
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons vinegar
Flour enough for rolling, about 3 cups, rather stiff dough

Beat up sugar and egg. Stir in melted shortening, to which has been added the molasses and ginger. Mix in flour and salt. Stir soda into vinegar and add to mixture just before putting in last of flour. Roll very thin and cut. Bake in moderate oven.



$5,000 IN BIG CASH PRIZES

HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS EXCELLENT!

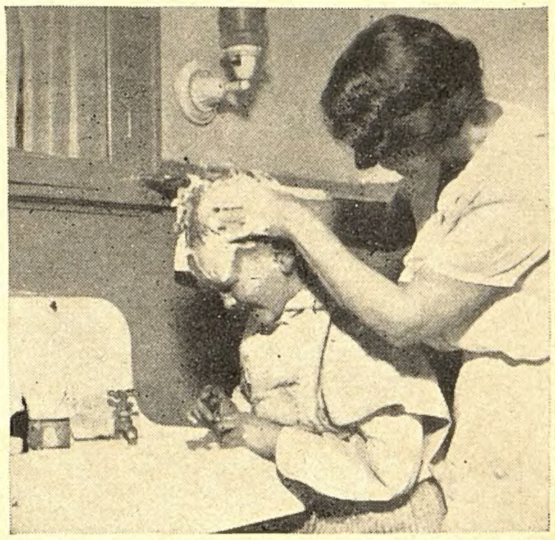
Young folk and old folk are equally interesting subjects for home life snapshots as indicated by the previous winners shown above and below.

51 CASH AWARDS THIS WEEK!

IF you can focus a camera and snap the shutter you can win a Liberty cash prize in this week's Home Life Snapshot Contest. Quality of photography is not paramount. It's the human interest captured by your picture that counts. As long as your entry is clear enough to reproduce for publication it is clear enough to win a prize. The subject for a winning snapshot may be right in front of you as you read this! Load up the trusty kodak, snap the picture, and be well on your way in the competition. Submit your print as instructed in the rules. You may win not only one of this week's prizes but one of the $200 Grand Awards as well.

There's a Chinese proverb to the effect that one picture is worth ten thousand words. In this snapshot contest one picture can be worth $300. Will it be yours? If you submit an entry it may well be!

This week's contest closes Monday, December 18.



Perhaps the cash prize awarded this entry repaid the hero for the ordeal of posing.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

EACH WEEK	
FIRST PRIZE	$100
TEN SECOND PRIZES, each $10	100
FORTY THIRD PRIZES, each $5	200
WEEKLY TOTAL	$400
TOTAL PRIZES FOR TEN WEEKS	$4,000
GRAND PRIZES	
FIVE PRIZES, each $200	$1,000
TOTAL CASH PRIZES TO BE PAID	$5,000

HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST RULES

TEN WEEKLY CONTESTS

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home life snapshots submitted by nonprofessional photographers.

2. Any one, anywhere, may enter except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3. There is no restriction regarding size of prints. Enlargements are eligible, but in case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 8, 1933, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will upon request submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made. Such negatives will be returned if desired.

5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Write plainly or print name and full address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. The first weekly contest closes Monday, December 4, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday including February 5, 1934, which ends the contest series.

7. Quality of photography does not count except that any snapshot in order to be awarded a prize must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the cash prize schedule elsewhere on this page.

8. Address all entries to HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$1,000 GRAND PRIZE RULES

1. Regardless of whether or not it has won a weekly prize, every entry in the contest series will be eligible for one of the five $200 Grand Prizes to be awarded when the contest series closes.

2. These Grand Prizes will be awarded for the following divisions: Group A, best baby snapshot. Group B, best family group. Group C, best home interior. Group D, best pet picture. Group E, the snapshot that most nearly tells a complete story.

3. The conditions set forth in Rules 3, 4, 5, and 7 above apply to this Grand Prize offer.

Indoor Workers:

Fight colds and stay on the job . . . gargle with Listerine twice a day

Most of the absences among indoor workers are traceable to the common cold. Because of their sedentary habits, stenographers, teachers, clerks, accountants, etc., are the most frequent victims of serious cold attacks. Such attacks undermine health and often lead to serious illnesses. They are expensive. And because they enforce frequent absence from work, colds often cause the victim the loss of a job.

Stay on the Job

Jobs are still scarce, so we say to you: If you have one, hold onto it. Keep well; fight colds as never before. Use Listerine morning and night as a precautionary measure.

Our many experiments, conducted under medical supervision, indicate that Listerine possesses marked value in guarding against common colds and their sequel, sore throat.

Fewer Colds for Garglers

These experiments reveal that men, women, and children who gargled with Listerine twice a day caught only one-third as many colds as those who did not gargle with it.

When Listerine users *did* contract colds, their colds were very mild and of short duration as compared with those of non-users.

With such results before you, isn't the twice-a-day gargle with Listerine worth trying? Think how much better you would feel if you had no colds this winter—how much money you would save.

Why Listerine is Better

In oral hygiene it is highly important to choose a mouth wash that is fatal to germs yet harmless to the delicate tissues of the mouth and throat.

These vital requirements are fully met by Listerine. For more than half a century it has been the choice of noted doctors and health authorities.

Listerine enjoys the distinction of being absolutely safe no matter how frequently it is used. It is therefore preferred to harsh, inferior mouth washes whose sole appeal is the bargain appeal.

Reduces Mouth Germs 99%

The moment Listerine enters the mouth it attacks bacteria associated with colds. The number of germs on mouth surfaces is reduced as much as 99% within 5 minutes after the use of Listerine. At the end of four hours, a reduction of as high as 64% may be still apparent.

For your own protection and that of your children, use Listerine when an oral antiseptic is needed. Behind it lie fifty years of use in the hands of the medical profession and the public. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

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